

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XII.—No. 306.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1902.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6]D.



C VANDYK

THE COUNTESS OF LISBURN.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustrations: The Countess of Lisburne; Master Robert Abercromby</i>	609, 610, 623
<i>Richard Jefferies</i>	610
<i>Country Notes</i>	611
<i>Lord Deerhurst's Poultry. (Illustrated)</i>	613
<i>On the Green</i>	615
<i>Wild Country Life</i>	615
<i>Some Old Town Halls.—I.—Round Oxford. (Illustrated)</i>	617
<i>Little Wolf and the Red Hat.—II.</i>	619
<i>Forestry in the London Parks. (Illustrated)</i>	620
<i>Winkles at Feeding-time. (Illustrated)</i>	621
<i>In the Garden</i>	622
<i>Gardens Old and New: Groombridge Place.—I. (Illustrated)</i>	624
<i>Things About Our Neighbourhood</i>	631
<i>Bird's Eye-protectors. (Illustrated)</i>	632
<i>Gun-shyness. (Illustrated)</i>	633
<i>Shooting Notes</i>	634
<i>Books of the Day</i>	634
<i>Jerseys at Buckhold.—I. (Illustrated)</i>	636
<i>Correspondence</i>	638

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RICHARD JEFFERIES.

ON Saturday, that is, on the date of this number's publication, Lord Avebury will be called upon to perform an agreeable ceremony in the town of Swindon. Many of our readers know that Coate, the birthplace of Richard Jefferies, is only a mile or two distant from Swindon, and for some time, that is to say, during the days in which he was a reporter, the young author lived in the town. That was in the days of his high youth and his early struggles, when he dreamed dreams of travel and literary fame, and often had not a halfpenny in his pocket. At Coate, the house he was born in still remains, though the long line of yeomen whose tombstones are in the graveyard at Chisledon are removed, and a hard-working, comfortable tenant-farmer has replaced them. Thirty or forty years ago the tall, lanky youth wandered about here without attracting more notice than is occasionally bestowed on the eccentric. On the mere which now furnishes Swindon with water he fished with his brothers or played Robinson Crusoe by himself. He has left behind an unforgettable picture of the children sitting on the hatch, and watching the barred pike and the red-finned perch come up. He foraged in the neighbouring woods and fields sometimes as an amateur poacher, sometimes as the crony of a gamekeeper, whose memory, by the by, survives in a very odd way. It was his custom at all times to wear a tall hat, and when he entered a covert on the look-out for depredators he gave a great sneeze that made the hills resound. This easy, good-natured, whimsical keeper would naturally recommend himself to a boy like Jefferies, who found in him an inexhaustible mine of woodcraft. Beyond are the downs—the wild, breezy, rolling downs—where "Alice and I went wandering," and where wandering comes natural to all. Over them he walked till his legs ached, and on them he found what is the end of all wandering, romance. But it was not in the living, but in the dead. It has been said with truth that his hero of romance was "the man in the barrow," the fair-haired savage, who two thousand years ago—or was it only yesterday?—scooped out the great ditch of the encampment

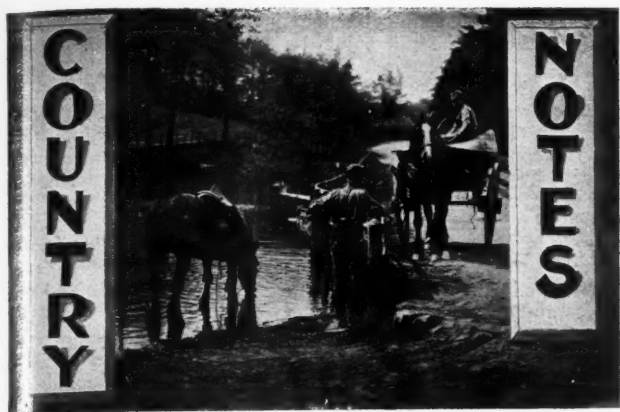
and knelt by the brook to drink. That was the mystery of mysteries to Jefferies. He traversed the old Foss Way till he came to the cave of Wayland Smith, and saw the White Horse on the hillside, and the deepest of his musings appear to have had these dim figures of the early ages as their central point. Over and over again he pours out an uncontrollable lament over the pathos of it. So many eyes beside his own had watched the kestrel soaring above the down, had heard the wind swishing about the hollows of the camp; and now his eyes are closed as were theirs; his ears can hear no more. The florets that "gathered the kisses of the morning" do so now for alien lips.

Now in his day and generation Jefferies was condemned for entertaining these thoughts. The people about him, so to speak, had their eyes on the ground and the dust. The poor were grubbing for the means of existence, the less poor intent on becoming rich, the rich intent on objects equally sordid. Alone among them Jefferies was able to raise his head and see that, although man's life be wrapped in gloom and mystery, there is a blue sky above him, there are big white clouds that drift across it, there are winds that blow, and birds that sing, millions of voices, millions of sights, each of which is really of more consequence than those things which we prize so much as money, position, and so forth. The people with their eyes on the ground were contemptuous of him in those days. Measuring up Coate by their own standards, they regarded the Jefferies family as a thriftless crew. Here was a holding that much could be made of, good water meadows, some dry arable and pasture, and their own; why did not the people set to work and save and labour, and, if need be, starve till they cleared it of debt? They stared at him as at a drunken man chasing shadows when Richard tried to tell them of the deep blue sky and the sailing clouds. They would have prized him much more highly if he had been a brisk, well-to-do young yeoman who knew the points of a horse and could over-reach everybody in a bargain. Even if he had gone into literature with a strictly business object, and amassed shekels and spun "commercial novels," even as a spider spins its web. But his ideals were not their ideals, and he was a stranger among his own people.

A few years pass away, and human instinct, which always comes right if you wait long enough, proclaims in no uncertain voice that, after all, Jefferies was right, that he really had chosen the strong and the abiding, while what looked so solid to the plodding folk with their eyes on the dust was really of no consequence. Lord Avebury's presence at Swindon is a kind of public attestation of the fact. The function may not appear extremely important. It is only that of affixing inscriptions on every house at which an out-of-elbows reporter lodged some forty years ago. But it is a great deal more. One could not fairly call it a tribute to literary genius. At the best, Jefferies will appeal only to a limited circle of readers. His pictures lacked the human interest—the figures in the landscape—without which no mere Nature study can live. He was of the tribe of those whose sympathies are so deeply concentrated on the connection between their own ego and the universe in which it glows for a moment, that bustling humanity escaped his attention. He had not the mental detachment which enables a great imaginative writer to regard the human procession as a dream or pageant, a mixed crowd of laughing, sad, innocent, guilty, tranquil, and angry faces to be copied and imitated with an artist's supreme indifference to their welfare and destination. It is not that, but his Nature worship. Others have studied Nature to more effective purpose. Few have grasped the details of its material side more thoroughly than Lord Avebury himself. But if a comparison be made, say, between his experiments with bees and Jefferies' poetic picture of the wild bee buzzing its way from flower to flower, we see how little they are of kin. No previous writer indeed had shown the same quality as Jefferies, not Izaak Walton, sweet though his chequered meadows be, not Gilbert White, not even Thoreau, the wild man of the woods. A few years ago a fine critic, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, declared that Jefferies was greater than any of them; to-day few will dispute his verdict. That his neighbours should set their seal on his fame is therefore most appropriate. Among Lord Avebury's audience to-day will be several who knew Jefferies and had spoken to him; so at last he is not without honour even in his own city.

Our Portrait Illustrations

THE Countess of Lisburne, whose portrait in her Coronation robes we give this week, is the mother of the present Earl of Lisburne, his father, the sixth Earl, having died in 1899. Lord Lisburne is therefore heir to the beautiful Welsh estate of Crosswood, near Aberystwyth, well known for its splendid sport and romantic scenery. The Countess of Lisburne is very fond of country life. On another page will be found a portrait of Master Robert Abercromby, youngest brother of Sir George Abercromby, of Birkenbog, Banffshire.



ON a characteristically English November day—cloudy but luckily dry, and not too cold—the annual Lord Mayor's pageant came off quite successfully on November 10th, passing between lines of the usual London crowd, the most good-humoured and the best-behaved in the world. At night Mr. Arthur Balfour made his *début* as the chief guest of the Lord Mayor. That he should rise to the occasion was everywhere regarded as a matter of course. He does everything of that kind well, and his serious, weighty speech shows how fully he recognised that this is no occasion for party speaking, but a moment when the Prime Minister of England is asked to be the mouthpiece of the English people. No startling or sensational announcement had to be made. On the contrary, one of the most significant passages was obviously intended to allay needless alarm. We refer, of course, to his brushing aside of the rumours about the German Emperor's visit, "the text of the wildest and most fantastic inventions which I think an inventive Press has ever discovered." For the rest, in the words of a well-known poem, "his message was one of peace." There is not a cloud at present upon the European horizon.

The assurance of Mr. Balfour was scarcely needed to dispose of the fiction that the Kaiser's visit is invested with a political motive. He and King Edward have ever been on intimate terms, and nothing could be more natural than that a friendly Sovereign should pay his respects to a neighbouring potentate on the occasion of the latter's birthday. The two have been spending their time in those outdoor pastimes dear to both of them. They have done a fair amount of shooting together, and the King, as is his wont, asked his guests to plant trees in memory of their visit. Already an irregular forest of memorial trees is rising in Sandringham Park, where for several generations it has been customary to ask distinguished visitors thus to signalise the occasion; and if ever an association for the promotion of Arbor Day is started in Great Britain, the person most qualified to become its first President will be His Gracious Majesty.

A high moral impressiveness attaches to Lord Kitchener's visit to Khartoum and his formal opening of the Gordon College. From one point of view it seems only like yesterday since we were all awaiting in anxiety the issue of battle in the Soudan; but when we remember the importance of the events that have occurred, it is as though the interval were measurable by ages. And how many of the gallant men who were with Lord Kitchener in his former expedition now sleep amid the African dust! To many of us will recur the most vivid chronicler of the campaign, George Steevens, "kind, brilliant, brave," then all life and energy, later to die in Ladysmith. But to read the speeches that were made is to realise that war and its concomitants are forgotten. The talk was all of schools and education and the development of the country, on all which topics brilliant and useful suggestions were made by Lord Kitchener. It is undoubtedly by such means that the great colonial system of Great Britain has been built up. No sooner have we overcome an enemy than our anxiety is to do him good and place the schoolmaster where the corporal used to walk. Emphatically this is the wise and sound policy.

No more appropriate way of keeping alive the revered memory of Queen Victoria could be suggested than that adopted by a meeting, held in Edinburgh, under the presidency of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter. It was decided that a school for the sons of Scottish sailors and soldiers should be founded, and that steps to raise the necessary funds should be taken immediately. The great interest the late Queen took in the well-being of her gallant sailors and soldiers is well known, and an institution to prepare their offspring for the battle of life

is an eminently fitting memorial. His Majesty King Edward has signified his gracious approval of the scheme, while the Duchess of Argyll has promised to give her cordial support to the movement.

The English agriculturist is so very conservative in his methods, and so slow in taking advantage of the opportunities offered to him, that it is gratifying to find that in one respect he is making an effort to grapple with his foreign competitors. Within the last ten years nearly 30,000 acres of fresh ground have been laid out as orchards. Not only this, but the quality of apples grown is very much better than before. Even in the old orchards this improvement is evident; and however much we may regret the destruction of the gnarled veterans which lent a picturesque beauty to the homestead, we cannot help rejoicing that the English farmer is rapidly replacing them by trees which give a profitable return. That the cultivation of apples in a scientific manner is a valuable addition to the farmer's revenue does not admit of a doubt, and may help in some little way to check the rural exodus so much discussed of late.

The Oxfordshire County Council, setting reason at defiance, has resolved to have its iron bridge over the Thames, and the decision is one that every true lover of our noble stream will deeply regret. Iron structures do not grow on one with the passage of time, and since attention was called to the matter in this journal, the general dislike of them has greatly deepened. For the Council's own sake this obstinate adherence to the first proposal will be universally condemned. Both from its situation as representing a great seat of learning, and from its constitution as containing many able and cultured men, it was hoped that this body would have set an example worthy of being followed by the rest of the country. Instead of that it has adhered as tenaciously to the made-in-Sheffield plan as if it had been elected from the roughest colliery district of Great Britain. Posterity, some cynic has said, ought to take care of itself, and the Oxfordshire County Council appears to take this dictum as a rule of action. It has resolved not only to revel in ugliness, but to bequeath ugliness to those who come after.

We look forward with considerable interest to the miniature "Bisley," which, as is announced by Lieutenant-General F. Lance, the Acting Chairman of Working Men's Rifle Clubs, will be held at the Crystal Palace in March next. It will be open to all Volunteer and Civilian riflemen, whether members of clubs or not; all rifles using Morris-tube or other miniature ammunition will be admitted; the entrance fees will be nominal, since no profits are desired; and a number of handsome prizes are already offered. The range will be 25yds. only, but there will be ample variety of competitions at stationary, gliding, and disappearing targets. These things are not the rose, but they are the next thing to the rose that is accessible. Shooting at miniature ranges is hardly comparable in point of value to shooting at long ranges. It cannot teach judgment of wind, of the effect of light and weather upon elevation, or a hundred delicacies of the rifleman's art. Nay, more, it must always be "flukey," for no rifle is a weapon of such absolutely perfect precision that targets at 25yds. can be so made to scale that they will tell as true a tale of comparative accuracy as targets at practical ranges of 200yds. to 1,000yds. But our country is crowded, and long ranges cannot be obtained in accessible places. So miniature ranges, which teach men how to align sights, how to hold a rifle, and how to press the trigger, not pull it, have their value. Information may be obtained from "London Miniature Bisley, 1903," 17, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Surely the *ne plus ultra* of legal hair-splitting was reached before Mr. Justice Darling on Thursday of last week in a case of rural interest, entitled "Reynolds v. Hooper." Mr. Reynolds, having two stacks of wheat straw for sale, which were naturally above the value of £10, caused them to be offered by auction. The auctioneer, acting as the agent of both parties, knocked down one stack to Mr. G. Hooper, and wrote down "G. Hooper" against the description of that stack in the sale catalogue. Then the second stack was knocked down to Mr. Hooper, and the auctioneer, instead of putting "G. Hooper" in the proper place, wrote down the abbreviated word "do." It was solemnly argued that, although the clause in the catalogue and "G. Hooper" were "a note or memorandum in writing of the contract made and signed by the party to be charged or his agent in that behalf" in the case of the first stack, a similar clause and "do" would not satisfy the statute. But the law, in the hands of Mr. Justice Darling, turned out to be not quite such a "hass" as Mr. Hooper and his counsel desired to make it, and Mr. Hooper has to pay the price of the stacks and some costs. He deserves his fate. To describe the contention as bold would be fulsome flattery.

We have always prided ourselves on the justice of our laws, and the fairness with which they are administered, but the circuit system is certainly the cause of a good deal of injustice. A case in point occurred at Taunton last week. A shopman pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery, but as he had already been in prison for nearly five months, Mr. Justice Wright merely ordered him to enter into recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon, at the same time saying that the man had suffered a longer imprisonment than he would have sentenced him to. He expressed his opinion that the long, irregular intervals between assizes is a crying evil and a "scandal of the first magnitude." When such language is used from the Bench, it is time that this state of affairs should be put an end to. As has been said, it is a "violation of the spirit of the Constitution."

Potatoes do not usually occur to the speculator as a basis of operation, but the history of the variety known as "The Northern Star" is one of the romances of finance. It was brought out last year by a grower at Markinch in Fife, who parted with a few tons at the extraordinary price of £1,120 a ton. To this rate, which works out at about ten shillings a pound, he religiously adhered. At this rate two pounds were purchased by a firm of dealers belonging to Bardney, near Lincoln. From these two pounds they have this year grown 130lb., and are so pleased with the result that they have bought a quantity more at the rate of £500 a ton. Two other growers, Mr. Kime of Manham-le-Fen and Mr. Blades of Epworth, purchased a ton at the same figure, and have paid more for subsequent consignments. After this the story of the King Edward VII. potato, which began to sell at £12 10s. a ton, and rose to £40, seems quite tame, though it would have been sufficiently remarkable under any other circumstances. Who would have thought such potentialities of fortune making lay concealed in the homely tatty?

AUTUMN.

Sweet is the message of decay
That whispers in th' autumnal breeze,
As from the south it wings its way,
And makes the rustling branches sway,
And strips their tresses from the trees.
The sun's glad radiance gilds the scene
With tints surpassing summer's pride,
For, mingled with the lingering green,
Hues gold and crimson glow between
The shadow'd slopes in russet dyed.
So in the autumn of my age
May sunshine be around me thrown,
While the calm wisdom of the sage,
Mellow'd by each preceding stage,
Shines with a lustre of its own.

R. BRUCE BOSWELL.

American meteorologists are proposing the investigation of a new field by means of kites and balloons to be sent up from steamers in mid-ocean. While the direction of the trade winds is accurately known, the anti-trades, as they are called, which are supposed to blow constantly above the trade wind currents, and in an opposite direction, have not been mapped with anything like the same precision, and it is hoped that if this can be done by the methods above indicated, the practical result, which closely concerns us all, may be realised of a far more accurate forecast of climatic changes. In regions of the air too high to be reached by kites it is proposed to send up small free balloons (which there will, of course, be no hope of recovering), in order to watch the direction in which the wind at great altitudes drifts them.

Singular facts come to light every now and then about the doings of stray dogs, but never has the case against them appeared in a stronger light than in the facts brought forward to support a Bill brought before the Carnarvonshire County Council by a Mr. Williams. "It was proved," to quote the local report, "that in ten parishes of the county as many as 1,031 sheep had been killed and 511 mutilated by stray dogs within the last two and a-half years." This occurred in a sixth part of the total area of the county, so that the gross total must have been very considerable indeed. An alderman of the Council, when the facts were brought forward, said his own losses from stray dogs amounted to over £30 in two years. Some years ago Lord Stanley of Alderley collected a great many statistics bearing on the point, and it is abundantly evident that the subject is ripe for legislation. How far the difficulty would be met by increasing the dog tax is a matter for discussion, but in any case means should be adopted of dealing finally and summarily with masterless dogs as well as with other vermin.

"Civilised man," says Owen Meredith, in "Lucille," "cannot live without cooks." So thought a German lawyer, lately deceased—Herr Botta by name—who has left a sum equivalent to £10,000 to endow a school of cookery. The testator takes a far-seeing view, deeming that by the improvement

of dinners much conjugal unhappiness may be prevented, and the approach of the millennium be sensibly accelerated.

The seal-catching season in British Columbia has closed with a "worst on record" bag. Twenty thousand skins seem to be the total, roughly estimated in round figures, a total that appears considerable, but yet does not compare with that of some other years. This relative failure does not perhaps amount to any great calamity, but it means that those who wish to be clad in sealskin will have to pay rather highly for the privilege.

"In the East End districts it is not so much the pig that makes the sty, as the sty that makes the pig." These were the epigrammatic words of the Bishop of London, addressed to a conference of ladies of the Church of England Temperance Society. Both the subject and the debate were interesting in many ways, and some unpleasant facts were all too plain, the worst of them being that drugs, as a rapid effective substitute for strong drink, were in increasing use amongst women of the highest and lowest classes. Two most practical observations were that of the Bishop, who has been quoted, and one made by Sir Thomas Barlow, the King's physician. Of the Bishop's observation it can only be said that, while it is absolutely true, it points to the necessity of prompt treatment of that question of the housing of the working classes which, like the poor, is always with us. Much has been done of late years, but much also remains to be done; and the question is one in which the King has always shown deep interest. Sir Thomas Barlow, too, was practical. The alcoholic habit may become a disease; it may be intensified by hereditary weakness; but it is a great mistake to treat it otherwise than as a sin. The drunkard who feels that he or she is the helpless victim of circumstances is encouraged to yield.

Pastel lends itself, better than any medium, to the expression of the most beautiful effects—twilight, sunset, and dawn. It can, when skilfully used, convey both the brilliance and the delicacy of evening skies; it can give in a few broad, crisp touches the idea of the most vibrating sunlight. At the Goupil Gallery Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., is showing an interesting series of such impressions. He has succeeded in arresting those indescribable blue-greens and green-blues of summer evenings, with golden clouds floating high overhead, the cool light of the dawn coming slowly across the fields, or the pale harmonies of a frosty morning. The Academy can boast of few artists of Mr. Clausen's stamp. As a draughtsman he stands apart from most of his English contemporaries. His figures in action challenge comparison with such masters as Jean François Millet, Bastien Lepage, and Israels. He gives us unity, construction, and life—three essentials which are generally absent in the work of artists in this country. How admirable, in the study called "The Sawpit," is the movement of the figures! One man stands on the trunk sawing, whilst another is busy in the pit below, but the swish of the saw can be heard, so life-like and true is the impression.

The Irish Turf Statistics have been made up for the season, as racing closed in the Green Isle with the Leopardstown Meeting last week. Mr. James Daly heads the list of winning owners with the fine total of £3,529. St. Brendan, the son of Hackler, being responsible for £1,957, won in three races. Mr. M. L. Hearn was very lucky, as with his filly, Bushey Belle, he won £2,314 in three tries, and made the record for the year. Mr. J. C. Sullivan won fifteen races, but the money value of them only came to £1,908. No fewer than nine owners have won over £1,000, whereas in 1901 only seven got into the four figures.

A noticeable feature of these Irish Turf Statistics is the long list of names of lady owners. The list shows that fifteen fair owners captured forty races, amounting to a total of £2,783. Mrs. Joseph Widger heads the poll with eight successes, which brought in £747. Mrs. M'Auliffe is second with £527, got out of four races. Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson, who got into the four figures last year, has fallen off to £467, derived from five essays. Of the unmarried ladies, Miss Welsby is well to the front with four races, worth £373, to her credit. Miss Mansergh and Miss Etchingham come next with £198 and £102 respectively.

What is supposed to be the largest tree in the world has recently been discovered just on the borders of California, on the Sierra Nevada Mountains. This patriarch of the forest is of the species known as *Sequoia gigantea sempervirens*, and belongs to a genus which flourished in the Arctic regions, in the interior of North America, and in Europe in past ages, but which was killed out long ago, except in California. This newly discovered tree at 1ft. above ground measures 108ft. in circumference; at 4ft., 98ft.; and at 6ft. the girth is 93ft. The massive fluted trunk, straight and strong as a granite pillar, is

covered with rich cinnamon brown bark, almost 2ft. thick, and is free from limbs to a height of 175ft. The branches, clothed in dense foliage, radiate symmetrically from every side of the trunk above this height, and form a thick flat crown, while myriads of cones flutter like gay green tassels on the outer borders of the foliage. This tree is not supposed to reach its prime until it is 1,500 years of age. The root system is marvellous, that of the giant mentioned covering an area of 250ft. in width, with a gnarled platform of enormous roots.

A contemporary says, "the village church is the village Westminster Abbey," and pleads for greater respect to the memory of the "considerable dead," whose monuments and inscriptions are part of the story of every English parish. Cases are cited in which such relics as swords, spears, and helmets lying over tombs have been removed or made away with, and others in which fine old mural tablets to men of family and benefactors to their neighbourhood have been first pulled out of the walls and used for mixing mortar upon, and then stuck away in dark tower entrances. It is claimed that all these things have a public as well as a personal interest, and that more irreparable damage has been done by narrow-minded restorations than by

centuries of mere neglect. There is no doubt that a county inventory should be made of all church monuments and relics, and that none should be interfered with hereafter unless by the consent of a proper authority.

When the harmless, necessary barmaid was banned by the bailies of Glasgow, we had our doubts as to the wisdom of the edict. But the case of cities in the Transvaal is widely different, and all will welcome the news, which comes from Pretoria, that women, lads, and coloured persons are to be absolutely prohibited from serving behind bars. For this there are many sufficient reasons, of which not the least cogent is that there are what the Americans would call some "pretty tough crowds" in the bars of the Gold Reef City and other communities; but the most conclusive reason is that women are badly wanted for better purposes than that of measuring out liquor. The best news is that, while the principle of local option is recognised, that of Lord Grey's trusts is also encouraged, the provision being that the profits, or part of them, shall go for public purposes. In South Africa there are men who, in the midst of local turmoil and trouble, have made the leisure for watching healthful movements at home.

LORD DEERHURST'S POULTRY.

WHATEVER it may be in other respects, the present year ought to be extremely favourable to poultry-rearing. Indeed, to defer for a little consideration of Viscount Deerhurst's birds, which are essentially show bench in character, it is timely to point out how economical poultry-breeding must be in such a season. On nearly every farm there is a much larger proportion than usual of tail corn, and on many the harvest resolved itself into little else. Thus corn which, if it had been of finer quality, would have served as food for man, finds its most economical use in being turned into chicken. Those who have come to town for the purpose of attending the Palace Show will not see the force of this quite as much as those engaged in working for utility—that is to say, the table. They are almost exclusively fanciers, and among them Viscount Deerhurst holds a very prominent position. Few have won anything like the number of prizes that have fallen to him during recent years, and at the present moment his pens are filled with birds of exceptional promise. Nor is he merely a fancier. He has a lively sense of the possibilities of poultry-keeping as a source of income to the farmer, and has always shown himself ready to promote the farmers' welfare in this way. A special interest attaches to his pens at the present moment, because no later than last summer he removed his establishment from Worcestershire to Essex, and he is only beginning to get things into order at his new place. Dynes Hall is a pleasant old house in the Colne Valley, and although neglected somewhat by previous owners, it possesses abundant potentialities for development into a very fine place. In the grounds are a couple of lakes, which serve a double purpose. Lord Deerhurst, as most sportsmen know, is a great angler—this year, as a matter of fact, he broke the record on the Thurso



Copyright FAMOUS DARK DORKING HEN. "C.L."

river—and he is going to experiment with rainbow trout in his water. Just now it abounds with coarse fish, but experts hold that if two year old trout are put in no harm will follow. The

other purpose is more germane to our subject. From the nice flock of Aylesburys shown in our picture what it is may be easily inferred. The breed is that of the Countess of Home, illustrated by us some months ago in connection with her establishment at The Hirsell. It will be observed that they have the wide breasts and deep keel distinctive of the Border fowls, which in large measure are due to the work of another fancier living not far away from The Hirsell—viz., Mr. Gillies, of Edington Mill. Lord Deerhurst is only a beginner with ducks, however, and the matter is alluded to merely to show what a variety of interesting occupations await him at Dynes Hall. He is as keen a gardener as he is an angler. There is space, there are some delightful old walls that may have been Tudor from their appearance, and, thanks to the surroundings, there is a wonderfully mild climate. With these it may be said the world of horticulture is before him, and he may choose to do whatever his heart desires. In a few years' time we expect to see Dynes Hall become one of the prettiest places in Essex.



Copyright

DARK DORKING COCKEREL.

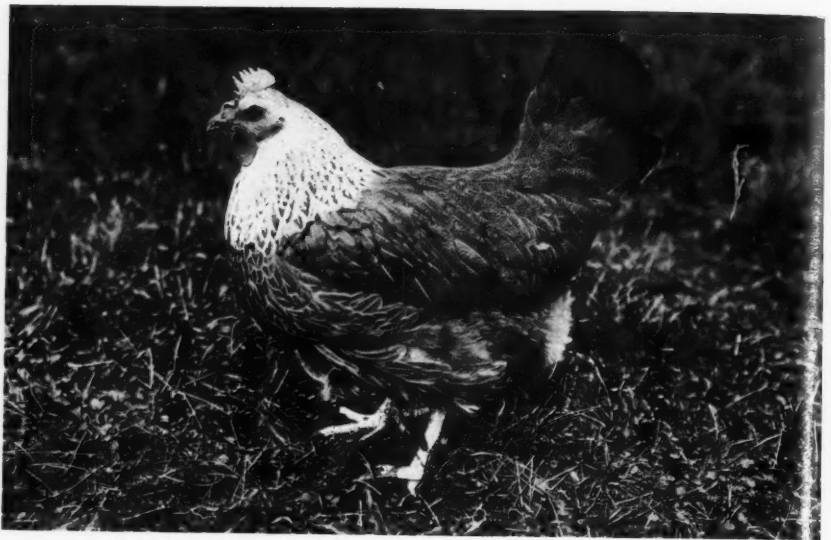
"COUNTRY LIFE."

In poultry Lord Deerhurst is most celebrated for his splendid Dorkings, but he is a lover of many other breeds, and is able to show a fine variety. Luckily, too, he has plenty of room for them in the well-wooded park that adjoins Dynes Hall. During the breeding season this will be a great advantage, especially as his own patent movable coops are easily carried from one point to another. The birds, in fact, have everything that could be wished for within the confines of the park—that is to say, dry, good turf, and abundance of trees for shade when the weather happens to be uncomfortably hot.

The development of the Dorkings is a feat for which many thanks are due to Lord Deerhurst. It is a common reproach against fanciers that they go for points and ruin the usefulness of the breeds they touch. As against game this criticism holds absolutely true. The game bird of the show bench is, no doubt, a very graceful fowl, that without straining metaphors might be likened to a French duellist—that is to say, a stage French duellist, chosen because he is a tall, handsome, slim fellow, who looks the part. But we may assume that the real French duellist, in days when the duel was in vogue, was as likely to be thickset as slender. At any rate, the long-legged and comparatively feeble game cock

of the poultry show has neither the muscle nor weight of the stodgy little bird that used to figure in the cockpit. Up in the North game chickens in all their primitive robustness can still be obtained, and are first-rate for crossing purposes, while no sane breeder for utility would ever think of using for that purpose the debilitated specimens of the show benches. It is otherwise with Dorkings, as a

glance at our illustrations will show. Luckily, those who rule the fancy have set up an admirable standard of size



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SILVER-GREY DORKING PULLET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and weight. The old dark Dorking hen, six years of age, who has won over 200 prizes, is exactly such a bird as one who

wished to breed for the table would select for his purpose. Experience has amply shown it to be an incontestable truth that under all ordinary circumstances a cross between pure Dorking and Indian game is best from the utility point of view and hence both breeds should be kept pure. The first cross is by far the best, and it is therefore most essential that all possible pains should be taken to keep



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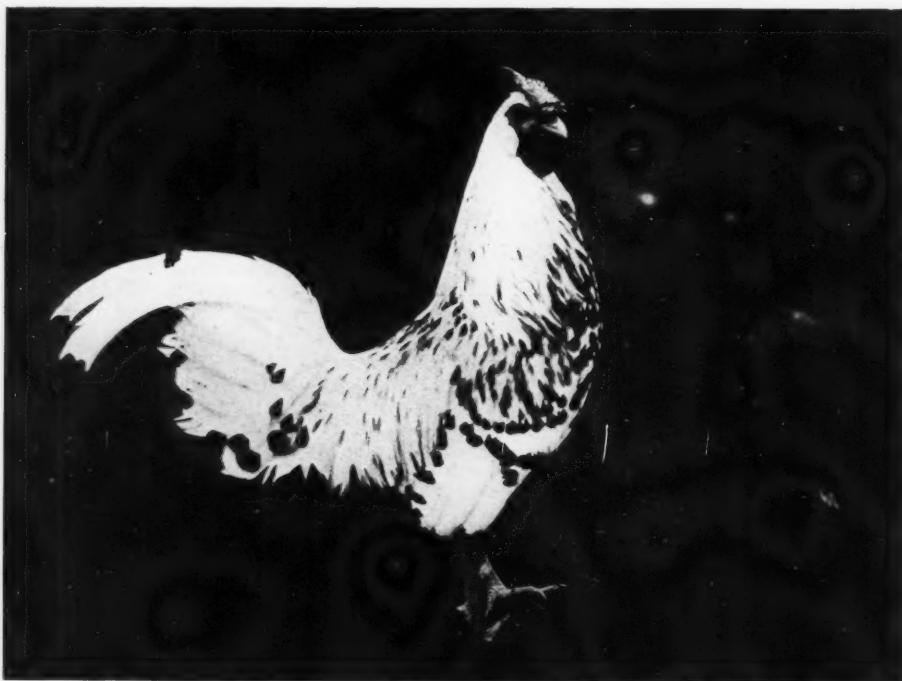
FEEDING-TIME

"COUNTRY LIFE."

them up to the very highest standard. Undoubtedly Lord Deerhurst and others who are working on similar lines

deserve the highest credit. The real usefulness of their work does not lie so much in rearing birds that are sold for a grand price, and distinguish themselves by winning prizes, but in the effect produced upon the stocks of poultry that are kept for the purpose of replenishing the market. A very fitting match for this fine hen is the extremely handsome cockerel who won second prize in the Dairy Show; and the beginner in poultry-keeping can scarcely do better than make a careful study of these two typical examples of what is perhaps the most useful of our fowls, taking into consideration the production of eggs as well as the rearing of birds for the table. Between the dark and the silver-grey varieties of the breed there is, in our opinion, very little to choose, though we are well aware that each has its votaries, who will treat this as a somewhat Philistine way of regarding them. The handsome silver-grey cockerel and silver-grey pullet chosen for illustration will, however, go far to prove the truth of the remark.

Lord Deerhurst, it need scarcely be said, does not confine his attention to Dorkings, though they constitute what we should call the flower of his stock. The miscellaneous crowd



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SILVER SPANGLED HAMBURGH COCKEREL.

"C.L."

assembled at feeding-time shows the variety of his taste and the taste of his very clever Scotch poultryman. At present, by the by, it would seem that all the best yards are under the management of men from the more northern division of the island. From many that are well worthy of illustration we have selected a silver-spangled Hamburgh cockerel that will generally be accepted as a most handsome and typical representative of his breed. It was our purpose at the same time to have gone more at length into the system of feeding and management pursued at Dynes Hall, but for the present this must wait. No doubt the occasion will arise later on for treating this part of the subject more fully. For the moment we must be content with giving what may be roughly termed a bird's-eye view of the place, and a few hints of what is going on there.

Lord Deerhurst distinguished himself at the Palace Show this week by winning the Crichton Challenge Cup with the dark-coloured Dorking shown in our illustration. The show, which is the great one of the year, was one of the most successful ever held, whether we consider the number either of the entries or that of the visitors—a proof of the most unmistakable kind that poultry-keeping is an occupation of great and growing popularity. It was also a show of all-round excellence, and the few classes that showed a falling off were, we are glad to say, those of birds to which we have already animadverted as being reared for points only. The utility breeds were extremely well represented, and this fact ought to be fully taken into account by the promoters of the exhibition.



SILVER-GREY DORKING COCKEREL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ON THE GREEN.

IN America an unfortunate golfer has had his eye knocked out by a friend's ball. It is especially said that the striker was in no way to blame for the occurrence. Therein is, of course, much comfort to the striker, but very little to the struck. And the wonder is not nearly so much that this has happened, as that it does not happen a great deal more often. I do not say this with any intention of reflection on the golfers or the greens of America. Probably the former do not drive more crookedly, nor the latter cross more dangerously, than our own golfers and greens; but, speaking of golf generally, it is a marvel accidents occur so seldom. I heard of a dear old gentleman at Biarritz last season who teed up his ball and drove it gallantly towards the faces of a couple approaching a neighbouring hole, from a distance of about 15 yds. The ball did not strike them, but went past whistling like a rocket. They went to the old gentleman and expostulated with what they deemed

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run even the off chance of going through life with the burden of men's slaughter.

Off chances have such a way of coming off at golf. It must have seemed that Tom Vardon had an exceedingly off chance of winning his match against White the other day, when the latter, on his home green, was three holes up and seven to play, yet the match finished in Vardon's favour before the last hole was reached. These Vardons have a way of showing pluck. That was a plucky win that first brought Harry Vardon to the front, when he tied for the championship with Taylor, then at the very height, perhaps, of his game and fame, and beat him in playing off the tie. Pluck seems to be a possession common to the family. Both Tom Vardon and White were playing with Haskell balls, thinking, perhaps, like Herd, not that their game was improved by the india-rubbery things, but merely that they were more pleasant to play with. It is good to see that the Government is taking the sound view on the question of "standardisation." The Prime Minister has written a letter to *Golf Illustrated* saying, in better and longer words, that the idea is all nonsense.

His Majesty the King has consented to become patron of the Royal Ascot Golf Club. Golf still is a royal and ancient game.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



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A GOOD FLOCK OF AYLESBURY DUCKS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

righteous indignation, to which he replied, cheerily, "Oh! you must take some risks, even at this game, you know." And the answer was so ludicrous that the aggrieved pair had to laugh. But if the ball had happened to take either of them, as it might so easily have done, in the face, anywhere, there would have been no reason for laughing, either on the part of the fatuous old man who hit the shot or of the unfortunate who was struck. On one of the Scottish greens, either Musselburgh or North Berwick, I think, a boy was hit a few years ago—but on the head. He rubbed his head a while, but when the striker of the ball gave him half-a-crown he went away delighted, saying he would gladly be hit

This, I think, explains why the East Coast is so highly favoured in the matter of bird life. When the west wind blows in autumn British migrants are all driven towards the East Coast, but do not cross the sea, whereas when the east wind blows, the birds of Scandinavia and Denmark cross the sea to our East Coast. Thus our Eastern Counties become filled alternately with hosts of British and foreign bred birds, many of which are content to remain there as a suitable goal for the season's wanderings. Similar causes produce like results in spring; and a glance at the map will show that Norfolk is especially fitted by its position, shape, and double seaboard to catch

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

CROW-BIRD MIGRANTS.

AFORTNIGHT ago I noticed that on the 23rd and 24th innumerable hosts of larks, crows, rooks, and jackdaws were passing westwards along the coast of North Norfolk, and I surmised that they were British-bred birds from the North. This surmise was strengthened on the following days, because the hosts of rooks and jackdaws continued to pass overhead all day every day for a whole week, although no additions seemed to be made during the same period to our number of foreign winter visitors, such as redwings and fieldfares. These only cross the German Ocean with an east wind, whereas when west winds prevail our East Coast gets the main traffic of British birds.

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and hold these migrants. Hence it is not surprising that Norfolk should be our best county for birds.

THE VOLATILE JACKDAW.

It has certainly been a remarkable county for crow-birds during the last few weeks. With few days of intermission there has been a constant procession of these sable wanderers passing overhead during the hours of daylight. To the ear the flocks often seemed to be made up of jackdaws only, for the jackdaw is a loquacious bird in flight, making more noise than the dozen of rooks with whom he may be travelling. To the eye, however, it was plain that the majority of the travellers were rooks, larger birds, of steadier, more deliberate flight than the jackdaws, whose volatile spirits compel them, even when engaged in the serious business of migration, to keep shifting about and even hustling each other or some solemn rook-neighbour in the ranks. Indeed, if one knew nothing of birds, one might reasonably suppose from their contrast in conduct that the rooks were the parents and the jackdaws their half-grown children, playing the fool all the time, as children will.

A QUESTION OF CROWS.

Later, the arrival of another sprinkling of hooded crows and more redwings and fieldfares seemed to show that the wind was once more favourable for the sea-passage from Norway; but it is always difficult to tell whether any carrion crows come that way. Although, on close inspection, there is a difference between the rook and the carrion crow in the shape of beak—which is stouter and more “aquiline” in the crow—and in the gloss on the head feathers—which is green in the crow and purple in the rook—these points cannot be observed in ordinary circumstances; and the young rooks of the year, which make up the bulk of the immigrant flocks, have not yet acquired the bare, pale faces which distinguished their parents from the crows. So the latter pass with the ruck of travellers as rooks, though the occasional—very occasional—appearance of a young hooded crow with black streaks on its grey body seems to indicate that one of its parents was a carrion crow, and therefore that carrion crows are probably travelling in the crowd.

INFERTILE HYBRIDS.

For it seems to be well established that these two kinds of crows interbreed in many places and produce young which have the grey of one parent splashed with the black of the other. This has led some naturalists to suggest that they are not distinct species; but, presuming that the fact of their interbreeding is established—I know nothing of it from my own experience, beyond seeing the black-streaked young—it would rather tend to prove the contrary, namely, that the species are distinct. If the black-streaked birds mated with either of the parent kinds and produced young in their turn, we should be familiar with every stage of intermediate variety between the all-black carrion crow and the grey-bodied hoodie. The fact that these intermediate varieties do not occur shows that the young hybrids, if such they really are, are not fertile, and that their parents therefore belong to distinct species.

THE REDWING'S DIET.

While comparatively few fieldfares have arrived on the East Coast as yet, redwings are unusually numerous, and their conduct disproves the theory which has been advanced in some bird-books to explain why they are the first to suffer in hard weather. According to these authorities, the redwing takes less readily than field are, song-thrush, mistle-thrush, or blackbird to a diet of berries, and so is the first to starve when frost binds or snow covers the ground and worms cannot be reached. Yet on any sunny morning of the first week in this November, when the soft ground was in the pink of condition for worm-hunting,

you might have walked down a Norfolk hedgerow and disturbed scores upon scores of redwings from their feast upon the hawthorn berries, each one uttering that faint call-note, and showing the deep red colour of its armpit feathers as it flew—features which, with its smaller size, gregarious habits, and its pale stripe above the eye, distinguish the redwing easily from all other thrushes. At the same time you would not see a single redwing hunting on the ground for food. This shows that, so far from not “taking readily” to a diet of berries, the bird eats nothing but berries when it has abundant choice of food.

THE CHANCE OF MIGRATION.

Another interesting fact to be observed in connection with the redwings this autumn is their presence in great numbers in districts where they were absolutely exterminated last winter. It was by no means a severe winter, but its single spell of hard frost and snow lasted just long enough to kill all the redwings in some places. From that time onwards until spring not a single redwing was seen in the fields where scores of their weather-beaten skeletons were lying. Therefore, if birds follow, as we are often told, exact routes of migration, returning year by year to the same summer and winter quarters, there should be no redwings in those fields this autumn; whereas there are

more, perhaps, than in any year of the last decade. This shows what a large element of chance enters into the autumn migration of birds. Even in spring, when we may credit the returning summer birds with a definite desire to return to the homes where they were reared, the winds of chance govern their course to a great extent, causing some kinds of birds to reappear suddenly in places to which they have been strangers for years, while the haunts of other familiar birds remain vacant.

SHOOTING RARE BIRDS.

Besides these common winter migrants, and the unusual flocks of bramblings, and the ring-ouzes which are rare visitors to the East Coast, there has been no lack of interesting arrivals. Several rough-legged buzzards have been welcomed with shot-guns as usual; and a lesser grey shrike was shot in North Norfolk. This I particularly regret, because I have myself watched this exceedingly rare bird at close quarters in North Norfolk, and could have shot it at any time, had I been so minded. I hoped that it might live to come to North Norfolk again. It lived, apparently, long enough to come back and be shot. Almost more than the fate of the lesser grey shrike I regret the killing of a little bunting,

also recorded lately; because, although the occurrence of this bird in Britain had only once been recorded previously, I had watched a small flock daily for a fortnight. I counted eighteen of them at one time, and hoped that they might escape the collector's gun and establish themselves, with good luck, as a regular British species. They seemed to have left the neighbourhood after two weeks' stay, however; and now that one has been “obtained” by a collector, I fear for the rest.

THE PITY OF IT.

It is a great pity that the bird-collector should set a high value upon “British-killed” specimens of birds which happen to be rare with us, though common enough in other countries; because his acquisitive enthusiasm leads him to nip in the bud each attempt which these birds make to gain a foothold in Britain. I know where the rare White's thrush has been seen in two successive winters, and where the golden oriole has nested for two successive summers, but the localities have to be kept secret, lest the collector should travel thither for the express purpose of killing them off. Sooner or later, of course, the man with the gun will get them, as he gets all the waxwings, hoopoes, buzzards, and eagles that come to England. But it is a great pity.

E. K. R.



W. Rawlings.

LOW TIDE.

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SOME OLD TOWN HALLS.

I.—ROUND OXFORD.

EARLY mediæval towns, one of which nearly always stood where a modern English town now flourishes or decays, as the case may be, were generally built upon a uniform plan. The four principal streets met in the centre, where were placed the Town Hall and the Market Cross. This was the plan of the Roman town also; but it had such advantages from its simplicity that it would probably have been adopted had there been no previous Roman city, as at Oxford, to suggest it. In most of our large cities the original Town Hall has generally been rebuilt, sometimes more than once. This has taken place at Oxford, where the building here shown was erected about the same time as the Fellows' Buildings at Magdalen. It stands almost at the four cross roads, where in place of a cross stood the fine stone conduit built in 1620 by Otho Nicholson (now removed to Nuneham Park), which conduit stood not on the site of a cross, but of the city Bull Ring. As, however, bull-baiting was an eminently civic and municipal institution, paid for out of the rates, Oxford was no exception to the rule that the centre of city activity, as shown by buildings, was generally massed at the four cross roads. The old Oxford Town Hall here shown was quite a good Palladian erection, rebuilt by Thomas Rowney in 1752. This has been again pulled down, and replaced by modern municipal buildings of a more ambitious kind. The exact site was occupied in the early Middle Ages by a house to lodge converted Jews. But the present Town Hall is certainly the third which has stood on the same ground.

Fortunately, there are very many English towns, some of high importance, namely, Exeter, Shrewsbury, and Coventry, and a host of smaller ones, among them several, such as King's Lynn or Monmouth, ranking as county towns, where the old mediæval town-rooms, court-houses, and guildhalls are kept. Some are still the Town Hall, as at Exeter. Others have been kept, when the business of the city outgrew its old quarters, and are used for other purposes, as the Toll House at Yarmouth, which is a public library, and the Hall of St. Mary at Coventry. In a great many of what are now only villages the little Town Halls remain as market-houses, but still bearing the old name, and showing that these were once places with a civic life of their own, which may again revive. Such is Brading in the Isle of Wight, where is the smallest Town Hall in England, close



H. W. Taunt.

THE OLD TOWN HALL AT OXFORD.

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to the ancient church. The harbour is dried up and reclaimed, and what Sir John Oglander said he could remember as a town which had "above 100 householders who could dispense £30 a year apiece," a good sum in those days, is very much decayed. But the bull-ring and the stocks are still there, as well as the diminutive Town Hall. Then there are other "fair towns" which have always been prosperous without overgrowth, in which during the revival of trade under Charles II. very fine Town Halls were erected, or rather rebuilt. Perhaps the best of all these is that by Inigo Jones at Abingdon. We are on very interesting ground here, for in few places have the oldest civic monuments disappeared, leaving such a satisfactory record or substitute. The present Town Hall, or Market House, stands on the site of the old Market Cross, and is a kind of make up, or solatium for its destruction. The Abingdon Guild of the Holy Cross, which guild actually survives to-day, erected in its city what was believed to have been the finest cross in England. It was an octagon, with three rows of statues, "the first of six grave kings, the second of the Virgin, four female saints, and a mitred figure, the third of figures of the apostles and prophets, and the whole was ornamented and emblazoned with coats of arms."

A delightful story is told by Aubrey, that Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich and Dean of Christchurch, after being made a D.D., being one market day at dinner at Abingdon, was accosted by a ballad seller, who said that he could get no custom for his broadsheets. So the Bishop, who had a fine voice, "put off his gown, and put on the ballad singer's leather jacket, and being a handsome man, and having a rare full voice, he presently rendered a great many and had a great audience."

The city of Coventry copied the Abingdon Cross, but the latter was destroyed by the soldiers of General Waller, after they had been defeated at New Bridge, above Oxford. In the reign of Charles II. the admirable market-house, with a council chamber above, was built from the designs of Inigo Jones. It carries out the idea, common to most early mediæval towns, of combining a market-house below with a council chamber above. But the height, proportion, and elegance of



H. W. Taunt.

ABINGDON MARKET HALL.

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the whole show the genius of the great architect who designed it. It will be seen from the views given that it is admirable on all sides, both the front and ends being of the same graceful and symmetrical design. This might well stand for a model or suggestion for the new buildings of the kind daily erected in our growing towns, but too often commonplace though costly. There is nothing either of the mediæval or sham antique about this Town Hall. Its design is, and will be, good for all time, so long as its stones hold together. There is scarcely a little country town in Oxfordshire or Berkshire which has not a Guildhall or Town Hall of some considerable interest, and of quite appropriate though very plain design, considering the times in which they were built and the class of house which the inhabitants then lived in. As a rule, they are not very early in date, but were put up between the days of Edward VI. and James I. They have seen a vast amount of excursions and alarms and heard the drums and trampings of several years of civil war since then. Faringdon Town Hall stands in the Market Place of that clean little town, within gunshot of Faringdon House, where the Royalists held out against the Roundheads and beat off Oliver himself, with loss. It is a modest oblong building, supported on pillars, which afford a market below and carry the council chamber above. The walls are rough-cast, and the roof made of Cotswold "slats." The Crown, the fine old inn opposite, well known to hunting-men, has a Tudor entrance to the courtyard. Both inn, Town Hall, and Market Place are, though modestly built, very typical of a kind of old-fashioned country town very common in that part of England. Thame, though in Buckinghamshire, was also within the scope of the campaigns fought round the loyal city when the King made it



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ABINGDON MARKET HALL (END VIEW).

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his headquarters. The Market House there is on a rather larger scale than that at Faringdon, and severely plain and economical in form. Like Dorchester, Thame is just one long street, very

wide, and rather dusty. But it had those three essentials of the old county town, its Grammar School, its Town Hall, making also a covered market place for selling meat and provisions on market days, and its good inn. It was there that Hampden died, after six days of suffering, from blood poisoning, caused by the shattering of his hand by a burst pistol. Hampden had been presented with this weapon (one of



H. W. Taunt.

FARINGDON TOWN HALL & MARKET PLACE.

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a pair) by his son-in-law. Clarendon says that one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Chalgrove "was confident that Mr. Hampden was hurt, for he saw him ride off the field before the action was done, which he never used to do, and with his head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse." Of which Clarendon, in his turgid way, amiably remarks: "That which would have been looked upon as a considerable recompense for a defeat, could not but be regarded as a glorious crown of a victory, which was the death of Mr. Hampden, who being shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone, within three weeks after died with extraordinary pain, to as great consternation of that party as if the whole army had been defeated." It appears from better authority that Hampden sent for his son-in-law and reproached him for presenting him with such a poor weapon. At this the son-in-law said he had bought the best in Paris. It was then found that Hampden's servant, who was charged with the duty of drawing the charges and reloading nightly, had only *reloaded*, and that the other pistol had several charges of powder and ball in it, one on the top of the other.

The charming old town of Burford can supply samples of almost every



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THAME TOWN HALL.

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kind of domestic architecture of early days, and among others a pretty and early town house, probably not later than the days of Elizabeth, and possibly earlier. It is almost a replica of the old Guildhall, for several generations used as the Cross School at Debenham in Suffolk. It has two gables, an overlapping first storey, a clock on a beam, and what was an open pillared space below, but which has been filled up more recently. It is probable that in the chamber of this old building

the "brace of best bucks and a fawn" annually given to the people of Burford, in compensation for the right to a day's hunting in Wychwood Forest, were eaten at the "venison feast." Tradition says that this was attended and enjoyed by "hundreds of persons." But as two bucks and a fawn would not provide venison for hundreds of persons, and the Town Hall certainly could not have held that number, we may assume that there is a little exaggeration about this record. C. J. CORNISH.

LITTLE WOLF & THE RED HAT.—II.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

OLD WOLFGANG was conscious of a strange stirring of the heart; a thrill of long-forgotten emotion pervaded his being. He straightened his fine old broad-shouldered form, twirled his moustache, and smiled upon the pretty little thief with the utmost gallantry and condescension.

"How should I be angry?" he said, in his most complimentary manner. "Did not you, my fair incognita, do me too much honour in thus sharing my repast?"

"This is indeed magnanimous," replied Red Hat, very softly, though a certain knowing dimple suddenly appeared at the corner of her mouth. "Shall I make a further confession to you? I am really not at all afraid of you. I think"—looking up again with that velvety glance which had before affected the old Count—"I think that though you pretend to be so fierce and so stern, you have really a very soft heart."

"Now, how can you tell that?" said the Count, turning his head on one side and gazing down at her sentimentally. "When I was a young man, ja, people used to say in those days that Wolfgang von Wolfenfels' heart would melt before the glance of a beautiful eye as butter melts in the sun. But now, ach, I grow old, my Fraulein, and my limbs have grown stiff, and my heart has grown hard."

"You forget," interrupted she, very gently, "there is no age for the heart."

"Well, if you say so, Fraulein, I must perforce believe it," replied the Count, with a jaunty air. "You're a witch!" he said. "I will confess. Yes, stupid old fellow that I am, my heart is as impressionable now as when I was a boy of twenty. But the wonder is how you should have guessed it." He was smiling broadly, but she remained quite grave.

"I have a quite particular talent for reading character," she said. "My very first glance at you told me that I had to deal with a generous man—a man large-minded and noble-hearted—a man who would scorn to avenge a petty affront, or to take advantage of an adversary weaker than himself."

She spoke with genuine emotion, and one should have seen how old Wolfgang twirled his moustache.

"I felt," continued the girl eagerly, "that there was here before me one who, though perhaps my senior in years, could nevertheless sympathise with my hopes, my feelings, my love—"

Her colour came and went very rapidly, and the dimples beside her mouth played hide-and-seek in a most bewitching fashion. The gallant old Count flushed to the roots of his hair—his eyes twinkled—his hands twitched—in truth, his breath was somewhat taken away by the suddenness of the attack. Nevertheless, after a moment's pause, he rallied his self-possession.

"It is indeed true, mademoiselle, that my heart is young and my sympathies quick. As for love—ach! the mere sound of the word makes this heart of mine beat even to this day. You will think me an old fool for the confession, but, see you, you have surprised me into it. You are irresistible."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied she, laughing a little, but so charmingly that he could not feel offended. "If I were to ask you a favour, you could not refuse?"

Under the fascination of those dancing eyes, and the smile—half tremulous, half coy—which played upon her lips, the Count forgot his sixty odd years, and, pressing the hand of this unknown wood-nymph, was about to declare his willingness to grant her anything and everything under the sun, when the arrival of Wölfchen suddenly put an end to this interesting situation. He was very hot, very red in the face, very much perturbed, and had already entered upon a laborious and untruthful explanation as to the reason of his delay, when he suddenly started back aghast at the discovery of the identity of the person his grandfather was entertaining.

"Ah, scoundrel! who taught you to tell lies?" enquired old Wolfgang, good-humouredly. In truth he was not ill-pleased at the interruption; matters had been advancing a little too rapidly. "There! waste no more time in excuses—the basket, Bubchen; the basket, I tell thee!"

"Any more little honey cakes?" enquired Red Hat,

smilingly. "Do not be alarmed, Mr. Wolf, I have come here to confess my transgression to your grandfather, and to make my peace with him. You need not be frightened—he will scold no one but me."

Then forthwith old Wolfgang, again relapsing into his former moonstruck condition, began to cast languishing glances and to utter imbecile compliments, and Little Wolf began to stare and grin, and to look gratefully through his spectacles at the beautiful stranger. It was too kind, he thought, and generous of her thus to have taken the onus of his fault upon herself. Should he ever forget such benevolence.

Meanwhile Little Red Hat had calmly abstracted another honey cake from the basket, and was munching it with thorough appreciation, much to the delight of the old Count. This did not, however, prevent his attacking the bread and butter and Wurst himself with right good will; and by and by, on observing him thus occupied, the lady turned a pettish shoulder upon him and fell to exercising her wiles upon his namesake. The shade of seriousness before perceptible on her face had now completely vanished, and she seemed to be actuated solely by the spirit of mischief. Poor Wölfchen fell an easy victim; soon his blue eyes were goggling, and his pink cheeks becoming vermilion under the fascination of the charmer's words and smiles; and then old Wolfgang struck in again, claiming his share of her attention, and seated between the two she laughed and chattered and jested with them until she reduced them both to a state of blissful idiocy.

But all at once the affair took an unexpected turn. In the midst of her merriest babble the little lady suddenly stopped short, and clasped her hands together in alarm, half affected and half real.

"I hear a footstep," she cried.

The old Wolfgang and the young one peered out into the glade.

"Your ears must be sharp," said the elder. "I can hear nothing."

"It is a marvel," said the younger, sentimentally, "how those ears of yours can hear so well since they are so small."

But Red Hat, shading her eyes with her hand, gazed forth anxiously.

"I can see somebody coming," she cried.

"It is fancy," said old Wolfgang.

"Ta, ta! My eyes are good, and I distinctly see a figure coming along the winding path."

"Your eyes should indeed be good," quoth the Little Wolf ruefully, as he drew his hand across his spectacles; "they are bright enough."

"It is perchance some of the forest folk," quoth the Count contemptuously. "There is no need to disturb yourself, my Fraulein; they will pass on. Take another little cake. I love to see you munching them. I myself, alas! am long in disposing of such a dainty, but those exquisite little white teeth of yours make short work of it."

"Ah!" cried the little lady, jumping up with a scream between laughing and crying. "What shall I do now? He is coming—he is coming; the very person I did not want to meet."

Nevertheless, stretching out her hands and still laughing that curious half tearful laugh, she tripped outside the hut and ran forward just as the tall and stalwart figure of a young man came swinging along the forest path.

It was no other than the master-forester, and a right brave and gallant fellow did he appear in his handsome grey and green uniform, with his green feather-bedecked hat set slantingwise upon his closely-cropped head, and his brown face at once alight with eagerness and astir with some underlying emotion.

"Ach! Marie, Liebchen. What dost thou here? How comes it that thou art wandering in the woods alone?"

His brown hands rested on her shoulders, but she turned away her face poutingly.

"And how then, if you please, do you expect me to pass my time when you leave me all alone for hours and hours?"

The old Count Wolfgang von Wolfenfels now stepped out into the daylight; a frown sat heavily upon his brow, and his

nostrils were dilated. It was irritating enough that his interesting little adventure should have been put an end to by anyone, but that it should be this man who had thus broken in upon them, this upstart, his enemy, that he should permit himself to be thus familiar with the syren whom the Count himself had approached with the utmost caution and respect—na, it was too much.

The young forester started, and quickly withdrew his hands from the girl's shoulders.

"How is this?" he cried, in an altered tone. "Have you been making acquaintances during my absence? No, Marie, I am not pleased; it is not seemly for my betrothed to be roaming the woods alone, to begin with, and to enter into conversation with absolute strangers—"

"Sir!" thundered old Wolfgang. "I am the Count Wolfgang von Wolfenfels."

"And I," piped Wölfchen, who forgot all about reserving his conversation till he was spoken to, "I am the younger Count Wolfgang von Wolfenfels."

The forester bestowed a grim and stony salute on both; then turning to Red Hat he remarked:

"The rank of these gentlemen matters little, Marie; your conduct is nevertheless unbecoming. Come with me; we must discuss this matter."

A jealous frown was on the handsome face; he extended his arm impatiently; the girl laid her hand upon it appealingly, and tilted back her face. Grandfather and grandson could see that those dark eyes of hers were all veiled and softened by tears, and there was a piteous droop about the mouth.

"Thou must not be so angry, Max," she pleaded; "if thou didst know how it all came about. I thought I would go to meet thee, dost thou see, and I walked such a long, long way in the woods that I lost myself; and then I felt very hungry, and I found a basket belonging to this gentleman"—indicating Wölfchen with a wave of her disengaged hand—"and it contained some very good cakes which I ate, and then, thou seest, we could not help making acquaintance. And then, he told me something—something which distressed me, about his grandfather and thee, Max—and I thought I would come and see if I could make matters right between you. It seems such a pity that you two should quarrel—two such good men."

One hand rested still upon the grey sleeve, and turning she extended the other towards the Count.

"Did I not tell you that you were a good man?" she continued, appealingly.

The forester jerked away his arm impatiently, and the old man started with a puzzled and baffled air. As for Wölfchen, he was so much occupied in observing the graceful turn of that slender throat, and the exquisite manner in which the dark hair waved under the red hat, that he scarcely took note of the conversation.

"Did I not say well," pursued the girl, in the same half-timid, half-caressing tones, "that you were generous and large-minded, incapable of injuring an adversary who was in your power? I feel sure that you will consent to be at peace with my fiancée, and will not seek to do him harm."

"Aber! what art thou saying, Marie?" interrupted Max, frowning very fiercely. "The Herr Graf must act as he thinks fit. I, for my part, know that I only do my duty."

"Fellow!" thundered old Wolfgang, "it is no part of your duty to interfere with my rights."

"Tenez, tenez, do not be so angry, Herr Graf. And, Max, thou must not be rude and unreasonable. The Count is in the right, thou must see. Is it not a question of a little stream which has been turned out of its course? Very well; no matter where it runs, it still belongs to the Count, thou seest, just as I, thou stupid old Max, no matter where I run, am still thine. Very well, the Count runs after his stream, just as thou runnest after me. Why, what a foolish fellow thou art to quarrel about such a trifle."

A swift and delicious smile overspread her face, and she looked from one to the other with such evident triumph in the cleverness of her argument that both men fell a-laughing.

"You know you owned to me, Herr Graf," she went on, "that to this day you could understand and sympathise with young love; well, do you see, I am foolish enough to love this blundering old Max very much, and I do not like him to quarrel with his neighbours, and, above all, with such a neighbour as you, Herr Graf. And so, as you said you found me irresistible, I know you will grant me this little favour—you will honour my fiancée by shaking hands with him."

Old Wolfgang stiffened himself for a moment, but then his face relaxed; and the young master-forester, whose expression had changed since the little homily of his bride-elect, respectfully took the hand which was extended to him.

"Allons, allons, that is good," cried Marie, jubilantly. "I am very grateful, Herr Graf. I am grateful, too, for all the pretty things you have said to me to-day—we were very gay, were we not? Max would like to hear about it, but it might, Herr, not be wise to tell him. Come, Max, we will not keep the Graf standing here any longer."

Arm in arm they walked away together, and the two left behind gazed disconsolately after the little red hat as it twinkled among the trees.

Then, with a deep sigh, old Wolfgang returned to his Wurst, and to the remainder of the Bale-Leckerei; and while he ate he related to his grandson sundry anecdotes of his prowess and success among the fair in days of yore; but Little Wolf only half listened, for his eyes were dim behind his spectacles, and he thought wistfully of the tender archness of the face which Little Red Hat had turned upon her lover.

FORESTRY IN THE LONDON PARKS.

THE London County Council and other authorities which profess to be earnest in their endeavours to educate and elevate the minds of the masses of our great metropolis by bringing Nature into their midst, even to the extent of rearing butterflies in the parks for the delectation and sport of our youngsters, appear to the ordinary wayfarer, accustomed to the beauties of untrained Nature, to fail at the outset in one important particular.

Whilst they provide for those whose gaze is earthwards parterres of flowers which are undoubtedly a pleasurable feast of colour—perhaps too much planned on Victorian ideas of harmony—they are apt to forget that there is a beauty of a higher and less fleeting character presented by Nature in her tree growth. So also, whilst they do not hesitate to offer the working classes every opportunity for a course of education in advanced drawing, in which the curves and lines of tree growth are held up to scholars as of the first importance, yet when they have an opportunity of illustrating these in the only trees which many of the scholars ever see, they place them in the hands of

custodians whose ignorance hacks and hews them into shapes contrary to every known axiom of beauty.

The continuous mutilation of every young tree until it loses all semblance of its proper shape, and the removal of every one which (not having been subject in its youth to the pruning-hook of an ignoramus) shows, in its riper years, the effects of growth influenced by natural surroundings—sunlight, wind, and rain—all this, while sufficiently lamentable to present-day users of the parks, opens up a dismal foretaste of what our "London lungs" will look like in the near future. It is an incontrovertible fact that in a quarter of a century there will hardly be a naturally-grown tree in certain of the parks, for every one will have assumed either a contorted or an absolutely false shape.

The most lamentable aspect of the matter is that our older parks are suffering even more than the younger ones. Nowhere is the mutilation more ruthlessly and ignorantly carried on, or the new planting more inartistically done, than in Hyde Park, which is not under the control of the County Council, but under that of the Crown, and of a ranger and officers who, one would suppose, would entrust



THE POLLARDED ELM.

the forestry to the hands of others than gardeners only trained to use a spade, and seemingly altogether unfitted for so important a work.

To those whose avocations or leisure allow them the pleasure of traversing Hyde Park, the havoc and the loss of beauty of late must be a source of pain; especially must it be so to those who have traversed it in all seasons, weathers, and hours, for years past, and between whom and many of the trees there has grown up an intimacy and friendship; who have enjoyed together the budding hopes of spring, the grateful warmth of summer, and have saddened at the fall of the leaf and the havoc wrought by winter gales.

To a London-trained gardener it is no doubt inconceivable that such a thing as sentiment can exist concerning any tree under his charge, and even his superiors may scoff at Ruskin's dictum that "trees are deserving of boundless affection and admiration, and that the degree in which it is felt is nearly a perfect test of our being in the right temper of mind and way of life." But there are many such, and to these the removal and disfigurement that are constantly going on are a source of real pain, and even stronger sentiments, when they are seen to be so unnecessary.

An instance will suffice to illustrate this. Along the northern side of the road leading by the Serpentine there lately existed a practically continuous row of poplars, trees which are interesting at all times, not only from their quick and free growth and their impressionable character, but from their seasonable phases—ruddy blossoming in early spring, followed by delightful colouring in the young leafage; tremulous aspen-like motion under the faintest breeze—a peculiarly grateful quality in a hot, airless city, according to Evelyn a very "wholesome" shade in summer; lastly, a far more beautiful change and fall of leaf than in the case of their rusty-hued neighbours, the elms. It was a poplar whose fate under the axe was immortalised thousands of years ago by Homer, who compared it to the fall of Samoisius by the hand of Ajax in the oft-quoted lines:

"Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread
With all its beauteous honours on its head."

Such are the trees which the gardeners are constantly removing and replacing by fenced-in enclosures and borders which not only do away with the sylvan character that used to be so great a charm of Hyde Park, but pen in the saunterer to the footpaths, and give him only the eyecore of bare borders to contemplate, save for a few months in the summer. It is, of course, altogether to the interest of the gardeners to add to the flower-gardening character of the Park, as it provides additional work and increased



TOP LOPPING.

demand for labour. Whilst these uncalled-for removals are taking place, trees which in their maimed condition ought certainly to be removed, are retained.

An idea has rooted itself in the gardener's mind that all elm trees are dangerous, and consequently, no matter what their age or condition may be, they have, almost without exception, been truncated. The gardener cannot see that an elm in the condition of the one illustrated is a hideous deformity, rendered still more pitiable by the futile efforts of the unfortunate tree to hide its deformities with feeble shaving-brush-like shoots.

Other illustrations will prove, perhaps, better than any words the accuracy of the charges which this paper contains. One shows the condition of one of the young trees planted by the Serpentine, where there is ample room for their growth,



ANOTHER MONSTROSITY.

but yet every branch has had its leader lopped, so that each assumes an ugly angularity. The only object for the cutting is, apparently, to imitate a row of conical, Noah's Ark-shaped trees. Another shows a tree growing contrary to Nature. This monstrosity is evidently much beloved by those answerable for the planting of new trees. The specimen shown here, which is to be found in Hyde Park, can only be regarded with complacency by those who take delight in monstrosities. It is essential that trees in public places should be allowed to grow, if not exactly as Nature designed, at least as near to that as the conditions will allow. Every lopping that is not necessary is a crime.

WINKLES AT . . . FEEDING-TIME.

THOSE interested in our sea fisheries are still waiting for some kind of interim report from the Committee on Ichthyological Research, which, under its second chairman, is, nominally or otherwise, sitting at Whitehall Gardens. Somewhere far back in a mis-spent youth I seem to have given evidence before that Committee, and the end is not yet. Meanwhile, without intending any indecorous comment on matters *sub judice*, occasional references to the matters under consideration may not be without interest. The depletion of the sea by man has long been a postulate in official and unofficial circles, only a few authorities, like Professor McIntosh of St. Andrews, being so bold as to say outright what many more timid have in mind, that, if we are really going to the dogs, we take a long time getting there; otherwise, the sea is a tall order to empty of its fish.

It is not, of course, to be denied that the small trawler as well as the large, the shrimp sear, the tuck nets, the trammel—all of these do as much harm as good. They assuredly bring fresh fish to our dinner-table or, indirectly, dried fish for breakfast; but they not less surely do immense damage among the quite small fishes not yet fitted for human consumption. The slaughter of immature or, what is even worse (since a fish may be large enough to cook long before it is sexually mature), undersized flat fish is terrible. Unfortunately, though the evil is patent, better brains than mine have in vain sought the remedy, so I shall not offer any suggestion on that score.

There is, however, a yet earlier stage in which our food fishes are in some cases destroyed. With the exception of a few commercially unimportant British fishes, mostly members of the shark order, but also including a blenny and a fish called the bergylt, never seen at the fishmonger's, our sea fish reproduce by depositing eggs, more familiarly known to the biologist as

spawn or milt, to the cook as hard or soft roe. The spawn, or hard roe, is of course deposited by the female, and is familiar to the housewife in at any rate two common table fish, the cod and herring. In some other fishes this spawn is not only unpleasant to the taste, but even (in some fresh-water kinds) actively poisonous. It is somewhat singular, or it might at least appear so to those who estimate the comparative value of the beasts, birds, and fishes from the standpoint of man's requirements, that Nature should have extended this admirable protection to the eggs of comparatively few fishes, and to those indeed which, in this country at least, are not commonly eaten. The roe of cod and herring, however, is widely appreciated, the former being even extensively smoked for general use at home and abroad. So prolific are both of these fishes, which have a very different life-story, that we may continue without a qualm to eat their eggs whenever the fancy takes us. Not the most pessimistic grumbler, he who predicts the national downfall any time in the near future, has, so far as I am aware, owned to any alarm on behalf of the cod or herring.

There is another curious provision whereby the eggs of most of our fishes, unless, of course, taken in the fish themselves before they are ready to shed it on the waters, are effectually protected from the rapacity of man. With the exception of the herring, all of our important fishes lay floating eggs. It might seem rather curious, perhaps, that the herring, a fish that passes its merry life in the sunshine close to the top of the sea, should lay eggs that sink to the bottom, clinging in masses to stones and rocks—that the fish should, in short, emerge from the egg in the half darkness of the sea-bed in thirty or forty fathoms; but so it is. We cannot account for these habits; we cannot say why, of all its important family, about which I have lately said something in these pages, the herring alone should extrude these heavy eggs, which sink even in the buoyant water off our coasts; but the fact, though inexplicable, remains.

Now, it was formerly urged, by those who briefed themselves to prove that the trawler embodied in himself the converse of all the cardinal virtues, that, among his many crimes, he swept over the spawning grounds with his uncouth machinery, annihilating in this way millions of fishes before they had even had a chance of taking care of themselves. This looked a pretty argument, and in those days it even carried weight, until, fortunately for the trawler, and unfortunately for his critics, a biologist arose to prove that, with this single exception of the herring, all our food fishes lay eggs that float far above the sweeping operations of the trawl net, and that even the herring laid its eggs in such situations and in such conditions as must preclude their coming to much harm from this source.

There are, however, other enemies of the fishes' eggs besides man. As may be seen in Mr. Thiele's admirable photograph, three winkles are busy feeding on the delicate eggs, served up on seaweed, much as our plovers' eggs are served up in tempting nests of moss. I do not pretend to diagnose the eggs specifically from this picture, but, as this interesting group was dredged, just as it is shown here, from shallow water near Portscatho, in Cornwall, it is almost certainly not herring spawn. The fact is that, though the herring is the only important food fish which lays these heavy eggs, there is a large group of shore-haunting kinds which follow the same rule. Among these mention may be made of the gobies, suckers, and blennies (except the viviparous kind aforementioned), which, *en bloc*, lay sinking eggs, in many cases in such shallow water that they are actually uncovered at spring low tides, and the male (not the female) fish guards them to the best of his ability against the attacks of gulls and crows and even rats, such beach-combers having a great liking for this fare. The picture of Papa Lump-sucker guarding his eggs against the flank attacks of a couple of full-



WINKLES FEEDING ON SPAWN ON A MASS OF SEAWEED.

blooded brown rats, with three-fourths of his body out of water, would be a novel presentment of parental devotion and would perhaps evoke criticism, but it would be perfectly true to Nature all the same. Considering, therefore, that the group here portrayed came from comparatively shallow water, I take the eggs to be those of one or other of these commercially unimportant shore-dwelling fishes. At the same time, there seems no good reason why the enterprising winkle should not extend the range

of its operations somewhat further from shore and even find its way to the nurseries of the herring. We are too apt to grieve the smaller, and therefore more insidious, enemies of the fish in our harbours. The *jeremiads* against those, like men, seals, gulls, and porpoises, whose raids are for obvious reasons conducted under our very eyes. The subsidising of the winkle industry by a Government anxious for the further protection of the fisheries would

not perhaps be a suggestion that the Committee could see its way to accept. Yet, while it may not appeal to the legislator, this evidence of winkles caught in the act may not perhaps be devoid of interest for the naturalist.

F. G. AFLALO.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE SCARLET LOBELIA AND ITS NEW FORMS.

WE were delighted recently with two varieties of the cardinal Lobelia, one called St. Anne's and the other Lady Ardilaun. They were not merely strong in growth, stems over 5 ft. high, and clothed with dark purplish leaves, but the part covered with flowers was considerable, while the colour of the former was a bright rose-carmine, and of the latter rich crimson, clear and effective in the cool autumn days. The raiser of these is the Mr. Campbell—gardener, we believe, to Lord and Lady Ardilaun, at that beautiful place, St. Anne's, Clontarf, Ireland—who raised Firefly, one of the most brilliant of all autumn flowers, more so even than the type itself. We were pleased to see these newer Lobelias for another reason than their bright flower beauty, and that is an increasing desire to raise either new or improved races of flowers. It is a work that amateurs may well take practical interest in, not in any haphazard way, but having in the mind's eye two parents which, joined together, will be likely to give a certain progeny. The great raisers of new things always work on these sound lines, and the world of flowers has been brightened by their efforts. A word as to the place for the scarlet Lobelia in English gardens. Remember that it enjoys moisture, though not stagnation; and it is safe to plant it by the margin of a moat, pond, or lake, so long as its roots are not saturated. But it is also happy in a mixed border, and we lately noticed in quite a dry upland meadow a wonderful group of Firefly with spikes 4 ft. high—not so bad for a dry and uncared-for spot. They were simply planted, to all appearances, in a careless way and left to themselves. When there is any risk of rot, as some call it, or a disease of the roots engendered by damp in winter, it is well to lift the plants after flowering and put them in a cold frame. With protection from rains they will be strong tufts for planting out in the following spring.

ROSES IN OCTOBER.

At the time of writing (late October) Tea, China, and the hybrids of each section are flowering with great freedom. But the heavy rains and strong winds of the past few days have destroyed much of the fresh and abundant flower beauty of early October, many Roses caring little for cold nights and heavy rain-storms. Those that do not seem to mind are Papa Gontier and Mme. Lambard, which go well together in one bed, the colourings harmonising. Papa Gontier is a charming Rose in all ways; its bud is long and very rich in colouring, the inner petals light rose, and the outer ones of quite a dark crimson shade. Mme. Laurette Messimy is still giving plenty of its beautiful flowers, and Souvenir de Catherine Guillot should be made a note of for its rich yellow colouring. It is one of the freest of all Roses. Marie van Houtte, G. Nabonnand, its foliage quite crimson at this time; Anna Olivier, Princesse de Sagan, Caroline Testout, Mme. Chedane Guinoisseau, yellow, better than Perle des Jardins; Viscountess Folkestone, the old China Rose; and Antoine Rivoire, are all very free, and, as the catalogues say, "indispensable." We have frequently recommended Princesse de Sagan, but we may well draw attention to its somewhat weakly growth; it has not the strength of a Viscountess Folkestone or Caroline Testout. Antoine Rivoire, one of the newer Tea Roses, has come to stay, and no wonder. Its flowers are borne on tall,

strong stems in rich abundance; one shoot had six flowers, all of which, except a bud, were 5in. across—a mass of soft yellow petals deepening towards the centre to apricot. Among Roses with showy fruits note should be made of the Fenzance Briar called Anne of Geierstein; its fruits are very bright, and simply cluster all over the strong leafy shoots. It is noticeable that in autumn Rose flowers have richer colouring and greater substance than those of summer.

SEEDLING PENTSTEMONS.

We lately noticed an interesting mass of seedling Pentstemons flowering gaily quite late in October, the colours pure and fresh, without purple or harsh magenta shading. A few were almost worth a name, one, a soft salmon, in particular; but it is a dangerous practice to give distinctive names to races of seedling flowers so perfect as the Pentstemon has become in recent years. The seed was sown in a cold frame last March, and the young plants put out early in June. The results are delightful. We shall grow more seedling Pentstemons in future, as there is no winter trouble of keeping cuttings, which unfortunately sometimes "damp" or rot off wholesale.

GARDENS OF INDOOR FLOWERS.

The following is a continuation of the list of plants given under this heading:

Carpenteria californica.—This evergreen shrub is, even in the South of England, all the better for a certain amount of protection, and for flowering under glass with little or no artificial heat it is delightful. The white flowers, which in general appearance suggest those of the Japanese Anemone, are freely borne, usually about the end of May.

Caryopteris Mastacanthus.—This Chinese shrub will, in light warm soils, bear a great profusion of lavender-blue blossoms during the autumn months; indeed, it is so late in the season that should the weather be damp and cold they often fail to expand in a satisfactory manner. This difficulty is overcome if the plants are grown in pots and taken into the greenhouse for the flowers to open. It is then very pretty and much appreciated. After flowering, the shoots, as a rule, die nearly to the ground, but break up with renewed vigour in the spring.

Ceanothus.—Some of the early-flowering forms of *Ceanothus* are doubly valuable, firstly because they lend themselves to this treatment, and, secondly, their blossoms are of a pleasing blue tint, which is represented among no other shrubs then in bloom. Among the best for this purpose are *C. dentatus*, *C. papillosus*, and *C. veitchianus*. They do not transplant particularly well, and if intended for flowering in pots should be lifted in the autumn, potted carefully, and wintered in a cool house. They may be kept altogether in pots, giving them much the same attention during the summer as the *Berberis stenophylla* already mentioned.

Cecis Siliquastrum.—The Judas Tree, as this is called, always arrests attention when the still leafless branches are thickly clothed with their little pea-shaped rosy purple flowers. It may be lifted and potted in the autumn or confined altogether in pots. In either case hard forcing must not be indulged in, but it may, without difficulty, be had in flower by the latter part of March.

Chionanthus.—There are two species of *Chionanthus*, viz., the North American Fringe-tree (*C. virginica*), and its Japanese representative, *C. retusus*. In general appearance they greatly resemble each other, but the American form is the better of the two. The long drooping fringe-like petals of this plant are totally unlike those of any other of our hardy trees and shrubs. It must be pruned back hard after flowering, and full exposure to the sun is particularly necessary in order to ensure the production of flower buds. At the same time a moist soil is very essential.

Choisya ternata.—The Mexican Orange-flower, as this is called, will, in a greenhouse, produce its pretty white highly fragrant blossoms by the middle of March, and a succession is kept up for some little time. It is most satisfactory when grown altogether in pots, and plunged outside during the summer.

Clematis.—Of late years the different forms of *Clematis* have been largely flowered under glass, and employed for various decorative purposes, not only in the shape of large specimens which are often exhibited, but even in pots 5in. in diameter, the plant being secured to a single stake, and carrying several large showy blossoms. Two comparatively new continental varieties—Marcel Moser and Nelly Moser—have proved themselves particularly valuable for this mode of treatment. The plants flowered in small pots are those that were propagated in the preceding spring, and plunged out of doors during the summer. The Himalayan *C. montana* that flowers naturally so early in the season readily responds to a little heat, and in the greenhouse in spring it almost vies with the New Zealand *C. indivisa*.

Clethra.—The fact that *C. alnifolia* does not flower in the open ground till August would seem to do away with its claim to be regarded as a subject for flowering under glass in the spring, but we have been shown so many times at the Temple Exhibition that such a thing is quite possible, and now the lead has been followed by others. Of course, however treated, it cannot be had in bloom as early as those subjects that flower naturally in the spring, but even in May its spikes of pretty white fragrant blossoms are much appreciated. It needs a cool

moist soil, and a sunny spot, while it should be moderately pruned immediately after flowering. Lifted in the autumn soon after the leaves drop it will do well.

Corylopsis spicata in general appearance much resembles a small Hazel bush, and in early spring, while still leafless, the drooping clusters of yellow fragrant blossoms are freely borne. Simple protection is all that is needed to have it in bloom early in the year, when it forms a very pretty object in a greenhouse. It thrives well kept permanently in pots, or it may be lifted and potted in the autumn. No pruning is necessary in its case.

Crataegus.—At one time the different varieties of the common Hawthorn were more often forced than they are nowadays, one objection being that they do not last long, while they are somewhat erratic in behaviour, and the bright-coloured kinds pale when they are developed under glass. They are sometimes grown as small standards, and in this way give a pleasing variety. They need fair-sized pots, which should be plunged outside during the summer. To prevent the heads getting too big they may be pruned back to good buds directly after flowering.

Cytisus.—The different Brooms are much admired, whether in the open ground or under glass. For this latter purpose they need to be established in pots, for their roots are but few and of a deep-descending nature, on which account they transplant badly. They will not bear hard forcing, but in a greenhouse may be had in flower by the end of March or soon after. If kept altogether in pots they should be cut back hard after flowering, in order to encourage the production of good vigorous shoots to flower another year. Numerous kinds are well suited to this mode of treatment, particularly the Spanish Broom (*C. albus*), the Common Broom (*C. scoparius*), with its variety *andreaeanus*, and the Sulphur Broom (*C. praecox*).

Daphne.—If the pretty little sweet-scented *Daphne Cneorum* is lifted just as the buds develop and carefully potted it forms a pleasing feature in the greenhouse. *Daphne Genkwa*, which so strangely mimics a Lilac, resembles it also in the readiness with which it will flower under glass in early spring.

Deutzia.—The pretty little *D. gracilis* has been well known for many years as one of the best of all hardy shrubs for early forcing, a position it still easily holds. For this purpose it is best treated as a pot plant, for the flowers as a rule develop better than if lifted and potted. It is one of the subjects that the Dutch cultivators grow in pots and plunge in the open ground. Of these smaller *Deutzias* some beautiful hybrid forms have been raised, particularly *D. Lemoiniei*, *D. hybrida venusta*, and *D. kalmæflora*, all of which may be forced nearly, if not quite, as readily as *D. gracilis*. These *Deutzias*, if kept in pots, should, after flowering, have the old and exhausted shoots cut away, in order to allow for the development of the young and vigorous ones destined to flower

another year. Though they may be had in flower early, they are much appreciated in the greenhouse even as late as the month of May. The larger-growing *D. crenata*, with its numerous varieties—*candidissima*, *flore-pleno*, *Wellsii*, and *Watererii*—will not bear hard forcing, but can be had with little trouble in April and May. Good, well-ripened bushes may be lifted in the autumn, and if potted and carefully attended to they will flower well the following spring.

SEEDLING STREPTOCARPUS.

Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, Limited, Chelsea, send us a gathering of blooms of *Streptocarpus* in a great variety of good colours. A considerable improvement has been effected in the flowers of *Streptocarpus* during the past few years, and those sent by Messrs. Veitch are quite representative. There are white, rich purple, carmine, pink, blue, and other coloured flowers, most of which are marked with other shades. The plants from which these blooms were obtained have been grown from seed sown in January last; they are now in full flower in Messrs. Veitch's Feltham Nursery, and promise to continue bright over Christmas. There is little difficulty, we are told, in having *Streptocarpace*s in bloom continually during nine months of the year.

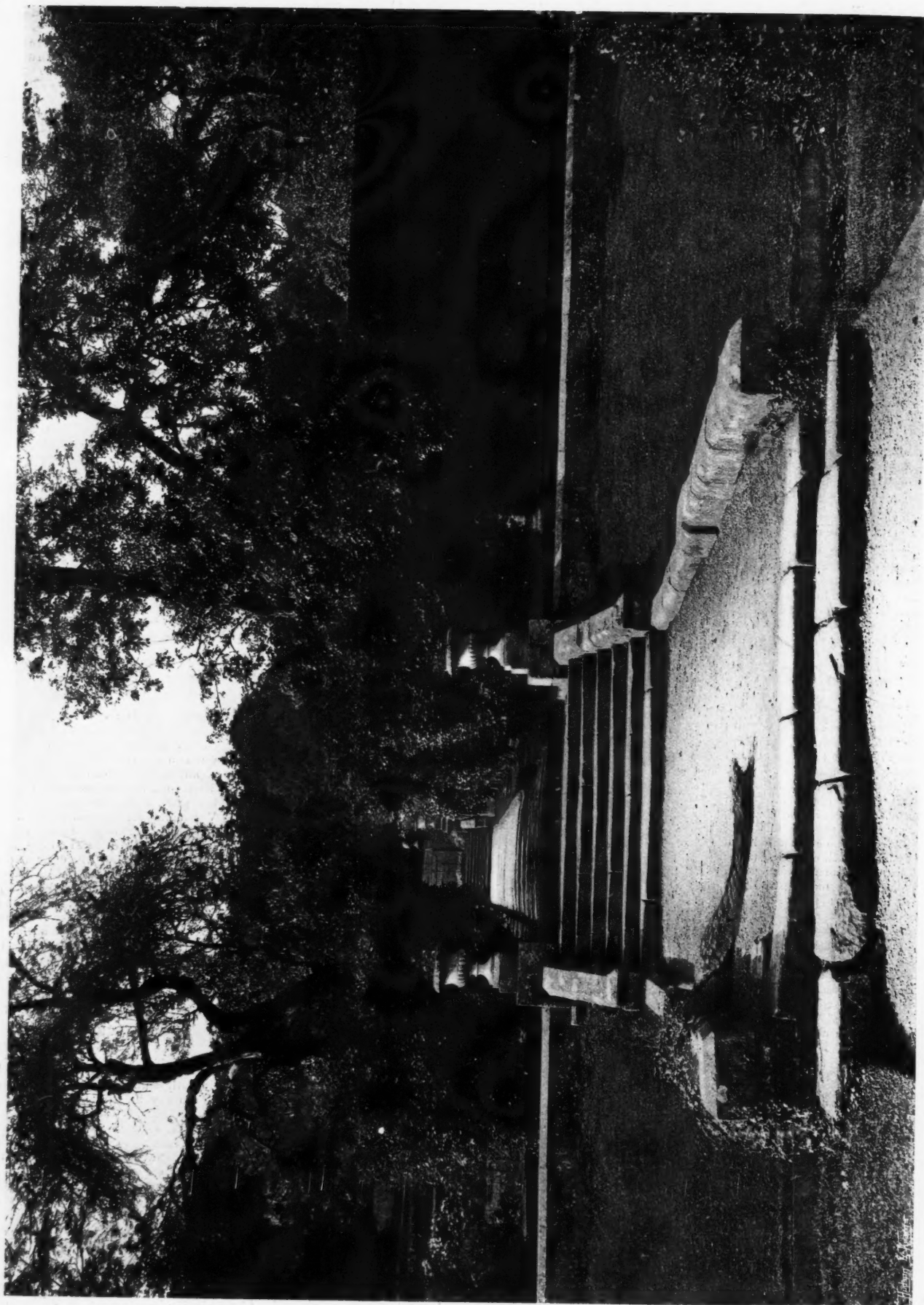
GRASSY WAYS AND DAFFODILS IN WOODLAND.

Nothing is pleasanter in woodland than broad grassy ways, well levelled to ensure safety to an unheeding walker. In early spring, before the grass has grown any height, here is the place where Daffodils can be best seen and enjoyed, some in the clear grass, and some running back in wide drifts into any side opening of the wood. If the grass is cut in June, when the Daffodil foliage is ripe, and again early in September, these two mowings will suffice for the year. In many woody places where shade is fairly thick, if there is any

grass it will probably be full of moss; indeed, where grass walks from the garden pass into woodland, the mossy character so sympathetic to the wood should be treasured, and the moss should not be scratched out with iron rakes. Often in the lawn proper a mixture of moss and grass is desirable, though we have been taught that all moss is hateful. In such places, though it may be well to check it by raking out every four or five years, it should by no means be destroyed, for in the lawn spaces adjoining trees or woodland the moss is right and harmonious. There are paths for the garden and paths for the wood. A mistaken zeal that would insist on the trimness of the straight-edged garden walk in woodland or wild is just as much misplaced as if by slothful oversight an accumulation of dead leaves or other debris of natural decay were permitted to remain in the region of formal terrace or parterre.



Lafayette. MASTER ROBERT ABERCROMBY. Dublin.



GROOMBRIDGE PLACE: OVER THE STREAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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GROOMBRIDGE PLACE, near Tunbridge Wells, separated from the neighbouring county of Sussex by a stream of the Medway, is celebrated among all the great houses of Kent. Its historical and personal interests and associations are many, and its present attractions conspicuous and even famous, while the neighbourhood is as beautiful as any in this part of England. In its moated and terraced gardens there is a great deal to admire—so much, indeed, that too many have sought the privilege, and now, it appears, the place is not shown. The more welcome, therefore, should be the pictures of it presented here. Groombridge is a hamlet and manor in the Kentish parish of Speldhurst, which in the time of Edward I. passed to a younger branch of the powerful family of Cobham of Cobham. Its owner, at that time, was Henry de Cobham, who was commonly known as "le Uncle," in order to distinguish him from another of the same name. He obtained a charter for a weekly market there, which was a notable source of revenue, but presently alienated the place to the Clintons, and Sir John of that family possessed it in the days of Richard II. His descendant in the reign of Henry IV. did homage, and became Lord Clinton and Say, the latter title coming through his wife's inheritance. From this nobleman Groombridge passed by sale to Thomas Waller of Lamberhurst, to whom succeeded John Waller of Groombridge. The Wallers were a great family in Kent and Sussex, and, although Groombridge Place is later, some of the buttressed

walls probably belong to their time. It was a place well moated and made defensible by art.

The son of John Waller of Groombridge was Sir Richard Waller, a valiant soldier, who did gallant service at Agincourt. His name does not occur in the roll of those who were there, but the same is the case with some others, including the famous David Gamme, or squint-eyed David, who was knighted on the field, and whom Sir Walter Raleigh extolled as a modern Hannibal. Let us not wonder, therefore, at the omission from the proud list of the name of the knight of Groombridge. Sir Richard Waller would have merited the eulogy, for he it was, as we most credibly hold, who took the Duke of Orleans on the field. As the metrical historian says:

"The Duk of Orlans thanne was woo,
That day was taken prisonere."

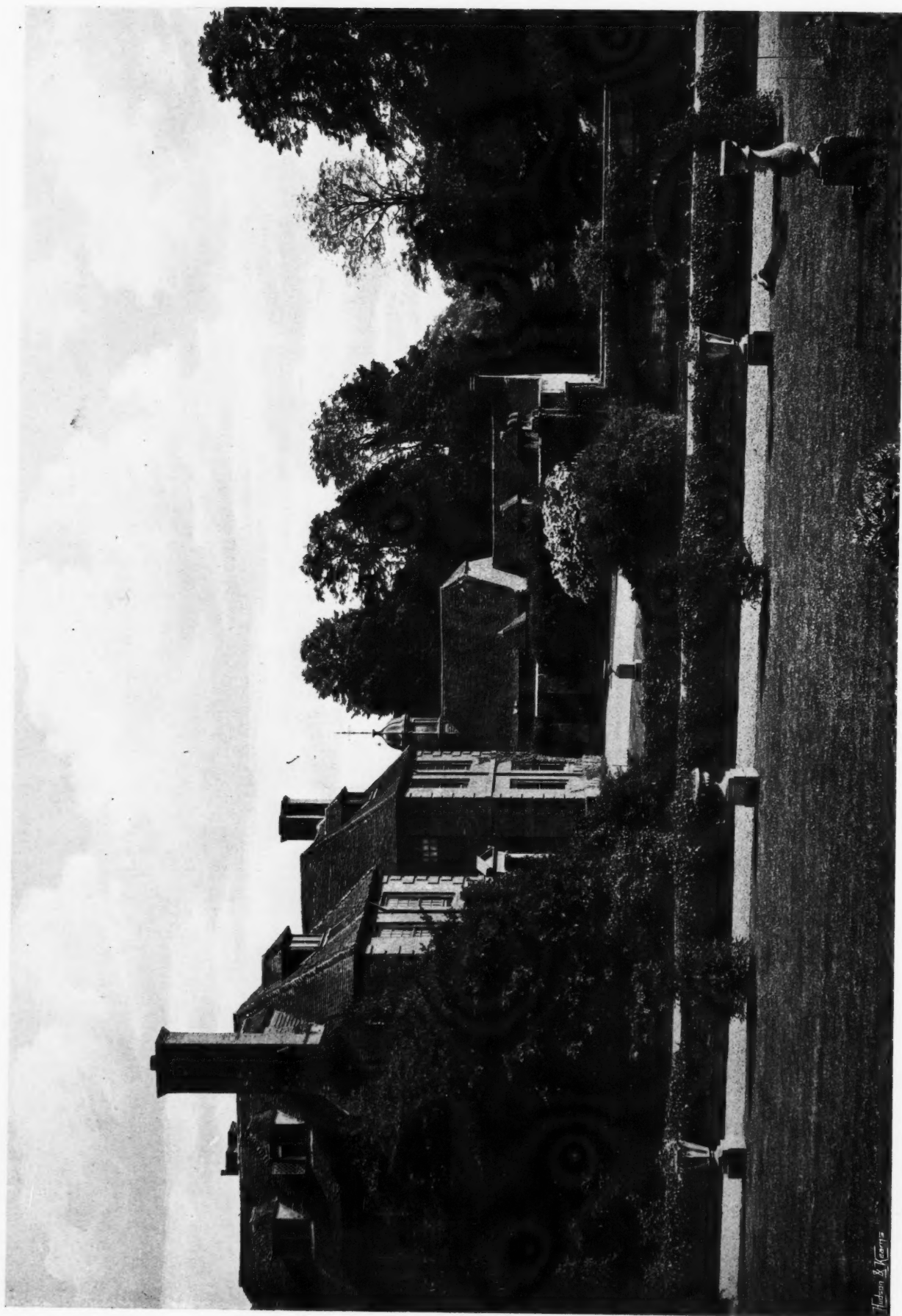
The shocking massacre of the fight is well known, and although the circumstances are somewhat obscure, it is on record that Waller laid hands on the Duke, who, for his welfare, was discovered alive under a heap of the slain. It has, indeed, been asserted that Sir John Cornwall was the actual captor, but the statement can scarcely be correct, for, though Cornwall afterwards had charge of the Duke, there can be no doubt that the noble captive was confided to the custody of Sir Richard Waller, as was his due, who held him captive at Groombridge. It would appear that the seizure of this important



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THE WESTERN LAWN.

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prisoner was profitable to the Kentish knight, for he rebuilt the house on the old foundations, and was a benefactor to Speldhurst Church. The Duke was afterwards confided to Sir Thomas Chamberworth, and then to Sir John Cornwall. Waller is said to have had, as an addition to his achievement, the arms of France on an escutcheon hanging by a label on a walnut tree, with the motto "Fructus Virtutis."

Waller's good service at Agincourt gave him much credit, and he became a Kentish knight of renown. In August, 1424, he served under John Duke of Bedford at the battle of Verneuil. A few years later he was Sheriff both of Surrey and Sussex, and in 1437-38 of Kent. His good service brought him the profitable custody of the Count of Angoulême, Orleans' brother, in 1437, and thus a new interest was added to Groombridge. The memory of these transactions is still preserved there, and the fleur-de-lys of France may be observed in several places, as in the gates by the main bridge of approach. Waller stood high in the favour of Cardinal Beaufort, became treasurer of his household, and accompanied him to France in 1439. A little later he was the "right well-beloved brother" of Sir John Fastolf, with whom he served, and he was treasurer of Somerset's expedition to Guienne. He was much trusted as a man of influence in his county, was charged to act against Jack Cade, and was prominent in securing the peace, and in 1461 was made receiver of the Royal castles and manors in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hants. Such



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GRASS WALK, UPPER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was the stout Englishman who built the older house of Groombridge. He left two sons—Richard, who was Commissioner of Array in Kent in 1461, and John, who was ancestor of Edmund Waller, the poet, and also of Sir Hardress Waller, the regicide. From the hero of Agincourt descended the Wallers of Southampton, Groombridge, and Beaconsfield, Bucks.

His grandson, William Waller of Groombridge, was also Sheriff

of the County in 1530. To him succeeded another William, whose son, Sir Walter Waller, buried at Speldhurst, was the father of George Waller and of Sir Thomas, who, though his younger son, succeeded him at Groombridge. The latter was Lieutenant of Dover Castle in the time of James I. He alienated the estate to Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer of England, but that nobleman's grandson conveyed it to John Packer, Esq., Clerk of the Privy Seal to Charles I., who rebuilt Groombridge Chapel.

In the new possessor we encounter another interesting man. Packer, who was born at Twickenham, and had studied both at Cambridge and Oxford, grew to high favour at Court, under the patronage of Burghley, of two successive Earls of Dorset, and of Buckingham, and he travelled with Thomas Lord Dorset in France in 1610, afterwards going as envoy to Denmark. He gained the favour of many great people, and had profitable offices conferred upon him. About the year 1618 he had grown rich enough to buy Groombridge, and in 1625 he rebuilt the



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THE GATEWAY.

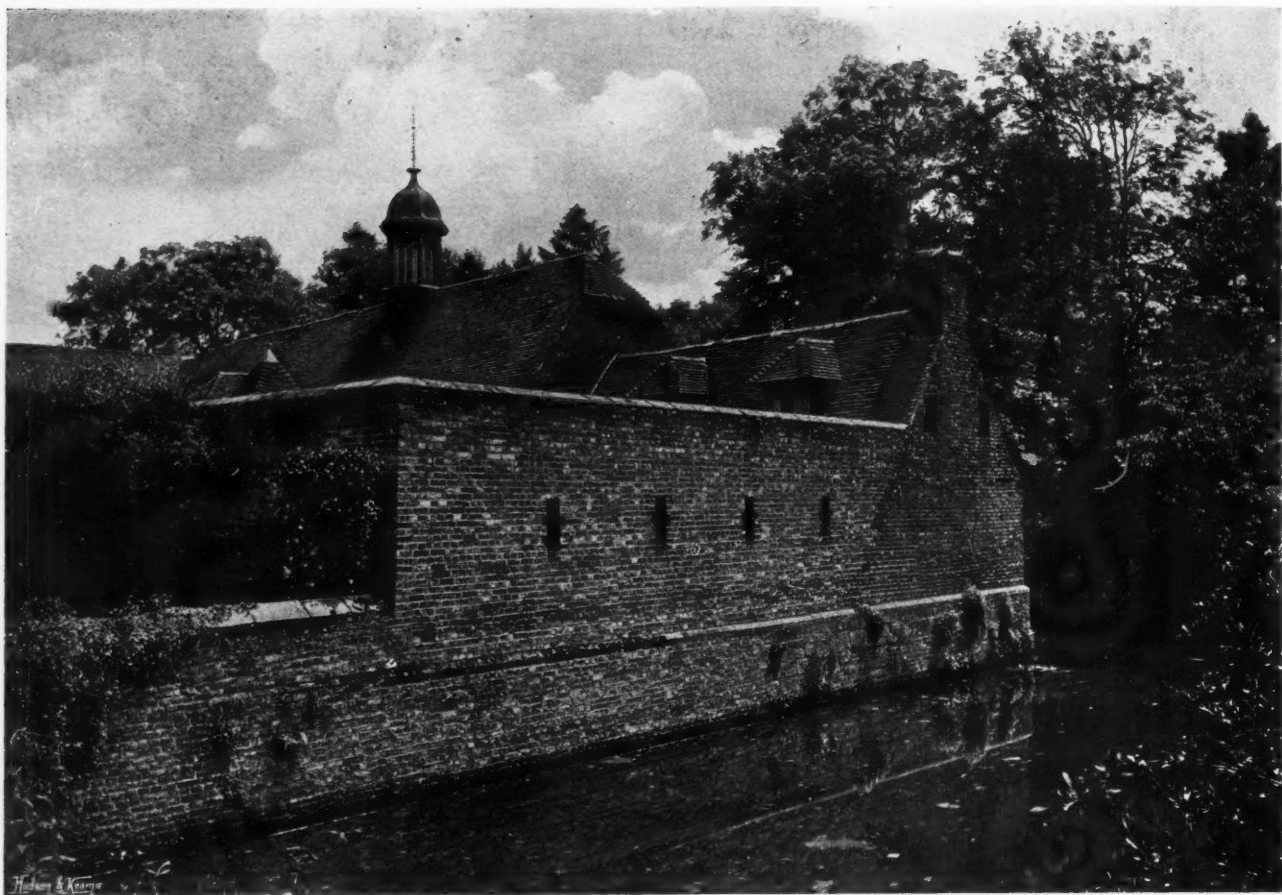
"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE NORTH-WEST CORNER.

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THE STABLES, SOUTH-EAST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

chapel there in gratitude for Prince Charles's return from Spain, and perhaps with an idea of further Royal favour. As a matter of fact, Charles gave him a manor in Berkshire at the coronation, and he had possessions elsewhere. Charles doubtless felt that he could depend upon Mr. Packer, but when loans were asked in 1639-40, it is on record that the squire of Groombridge refused, and forthwith allied himself with the Parliament. Unkind persons have represented him as self-seeking, avaricious, and even treacherous; he certainly was a good business man. He may also have imbibed new political doctrines from his friend Sir John Eliot, but the Cavaliers naturally did not like him, and all his property, save Groombridge, was sequestered. He left four sons, all Oxford graduates—Robert Packer, M.P., of Shillingfold, Berks; George, Fellow of All Souls' College; Philip, of Groombridge, a barrister of the Middle Temple, and an original Fellow of the Royal Society; and John, a physician.

It was by Mr. Packer's son Philip, to whom Groombridge came, that the present house was built, and to the same date we may attribute the gardens. They underwent many changes later on, it is true, but perhaps in the general disposition of them, within and without the moat, and on the slope, where those enchanting terraces are, the arrangements remain the same. Mr. Philip Packer had good friends and advisers, and among them John Evelyn, who appears to have been his intimate for many years. The author of "Sylva" would have liked to see the house

in a higher situation, for the outlook, but he must have recognised the great advantages the moat and the embosoming foliage presented. Groombridge, like many old houses in England, was standing upon the site of earlier structures. The Wallers had found the need of defence in the days of unsettled England, when the growing discontent of the region had cast up to the surface the famous Jack Cade. Thus it was that Mr. Packer's house lay in the hollow, with a broad moat about it. It would appear that Evelyn's first recorded visit to Groombridge, though certainly not his first acquaintance with it, was when he was staying at Tunbridge Wells in 1652. His wife had just come over from Paris, arriving at Winchelsea on June 11th, and, being discomposed by the long sea journey, she wished for repose. The small-pox being very bad in London at the time, it was therefore decided that the party should visit the famous Wells. It was at this time that Evelyn, riding in the neighbourhood, was set upon by two cut-throats, who stripped him of all valuables, and with brutal threats left him tied to a tree

in the sweltering summer heat, tormented by flies, ants, and the sun for two hours, after which he managed to free himself. Evelyn employed his time at Tunbridge Wells in visiting the houses in the neighbourhood, including Groombridge and Penshurst.

It appeared to him that the former was a rather melancholy place, implying his liking for a higher situation. However, his friend Mr. Packer was already installed



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THE BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

there, and the new house was built or building. The moat was bridged, and the gardens were laid out afresh. The place became much what it now is, though the grounds have since grown in richness and character, and are more beautiful than ever they could have been in the times of Philip Packer and John Evelyn. Perhaps the peacocks of Groombridge, which are famous now, filled then the sylvan valley with their raucous cry,

and spread their glories on the terrace walls as in these days. Certainly the place became beautiful, with attractions to Mr. Packer's mind. There are illustrations here of the lawns and the stairway ascending the wooded hill, of the moated mansion, and of its gardens. In another article something more shall be said of the history, associations, and character of the place.

THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE has lately arrived in our midst a family of town-folk who, alone and unaided save by the agricultural and gardening journals, have "discovered" the country. According to custom, we have called upon them, and in our usual rotation. The Countess being away, the Squire's wife drove over in her blue landau with the old browns who, not being treated solemnly as horseflesh and constantly talked over and fussed about, are never lame or ill, go excellently, and must be about seventeen years old. The Squire frankly does not care about horses, and as a consequence his sables are to him neither a source of joy, anxiety, nor expense. As the new comers appeared in church, the Vicar's wife hastened—so far as her pony and governess-cart, with its shafts at an impossible angle and the children dropping out behind, allow her to hasten—round to express her approval. If they had been Catholics, they would have only met this good woman at somebody else's tea, and I know just the quality of manners that would have been meted out to them; the Vicar's wife makes a really gruesome speciality of broadness, and it leaves the "dissenter" in no doubt as to her real view of him. The Martindales followed, because they are always trying a new motor-car, and it is convenient to pull up at places where you are sure of water; and the Admiral walked over to see if his advice could be of any use about repairs.

I followed modestly, but with keen curiosity, in the victoria, having heard that the Brentons—that is their name—were going in for chicken farming and other kindred industries, with the intention of augmenting a meagre income and showing benighted country-folk how the thing really should be done. Mr. Brenton was a Civil servant, but his health gave way before he became eligible for a pension; a quiet, melancholy man, whose confidence in himself had received a check at an age when it is very difficult to grow this faculty again, with a youngish, keen-mannered wife—one of those women with "a voice." I don't mean a singing voice; I mean a talking voice of a character I find it quite impossible to describe—a voice that is always talking, and that goes on in your head long after you have ceased to hear it. There are, further, a Brenton girl (at school) and a Brenton boy, whose University career has been cut short by his father's unhappy breakdown—altogether a pathetic family to whom everybody is desirous of being subterraneously kind, but whom everybody realises to contain an element of acute impossibility.

To begin with, why do they think themselves fitted for this sort of life? A want of warmth and breadth is one of the first things you feel about them, and these are essential surely to a partnership with Nature; I am certain they are going to be tight and severe and unforgiving and not understanding with Nature—whether animal or plant nature—and that means certain disappointment in the long run. No one needs to have more tolerance than the farmer and gardener! Then why have they chosen a place like Pownall's Hill? It is an old-fashioned red brick cottage, red tiled, and was lived in for years and years by the two Miss Oswestrys, who quite got the ground out of the habit of doing anything except grazing a bath-chair donkey. The garden—which is rather a sweet garden of the shrubby order—has masses of snowberry bushes, syringas, lilacs, ribus, laburnum, and laurels in it, and just succeeded in raising enough finches and hedge-sparrows for the Miss Oswestrys' cats. The house is covered with passion-flower—one of the few in our neighbourhood—star clematis, and Ayrshire roses, while a tin verandah all rust and green flat flakes of breaking paint bends beneath a lovely lump of Japanese honeysuckle. I know what that cottage will swallow in repairs, for the weather, all except the sun, comes in everywhere, and when I went over the place at the time of the sale there wasn't a ceiling that wasn't hanging in plaster blisters, or a window of which the earwigs had not hollowed out the sash setting. The three and a-half acres of paddock I admit; the pasture is that old emerald variety; the cowslips in the hedges are fifteen and eighteen inches in the stalk, and the mushrooms quite unparalleled. But on the top of one of these paddocks Mr. Brenton is to set up houses to grow narcissi and Empress daffodils in winter and tomatoes and cucumbers in spring. On another Mrs. Brenton's paper schemes with chickens and rabbits—yes, rabbits, or rather

Belgian hares—are to be worked out, and the third is to grow marvellous crops—about four every year—of the things you read about in books which cows really ought to be fed on. They are to have four cows—butter cows—and the pigs, chickens, and the family are to fatten on the skim milk. Another field of two and a-half acres, consisting of the most reluctant clay and terribly infested with dock, charlock, thistle, and couch, has also been secured, and the mere cleaning of this will cost about £15 (additional to its rent of £3) the very first year. Mr. Brenton talks of having it hand-dug, and I just picture the face and method of the labourer who undertakes it; there is not a single man in our neighbourhood—now my poor friend Christmas is gone—who is capable of decent digging, who knows what it is, and would do it if he did know.

I know I'm pessimistic, but then I've lived in the country and know something of its needs. Especially I lay stress on the kind of character you have to have if you are to carry out this idyllic dream of returning to the land. You must be prepared to rise early and go late to bed; you must put your hand to anything. If there is a field to be dug, you must dig it; if there are cows to be milked, madam, you must milk them! Think what it means, twice a day every day of the live year—and always with the same measure of devoted interest and care. If a servant gets slack in his duties, you send him away and get another servant; but what if the master grow slack? And that gardening? Unless you have just the right sort of temperament, that gardening will seem often very dull to you, and the mocking song of the gate-post robin will not cheer you on your way. Enthusiasm for the sunrise has to be quite up to proof if it is to carry you through; and better than enthusiasm any day is the even contentment of the man who has not known any other sphere of activity.

Bitten with the idea of living on and near to the land, an ear inclined to hearken to her whisper which yet echoes the lilt of the town street-song, no wonder these rash speculators go all astray. Six months after they have got their "pleasure farm," see them sit round the lamp curled in temper because the postman has not delivered *M.A.P.*; it is a trouble to him who should take the watch-dog out his biscuit, a weariness to light the hurricane lantern and go forth to lay raffia mats upon forgotten garden-frames. To rise for churning, she who had beheld herself natty in blue cottons, with method in her fingers like to a County Council lecturer-lass, to rise at six even is become a burden that transcends a wilderness of grasshoppers and "superintendence"—that baleful mode of idling, has taken the place of personal labour. Why should such folks succeed? They take the country for a playground; seedtime and harvest as superior round-games, and, for them, the wind is to come always from the west. To me this thing is barely pitiful, though I have seen sad failures that made my heart bleed. When I take up a paper, or sit at a lecture or conference, and the view is set forth that faded maiden ladies should take cottages "with a little land to them" and make play with the lesser (and leaner) arts of husbandry—having so far failed in the greater!—that this will be comfort on a pittance, which pittance would spell penury in town; that—for rash talkers have gone so far in my presence—the advent of these spinsters would lighten the abiding gloom of depopulated villages, I am invaded by a nausea which almost forbids my denouncing such malicious trash. If the persons who say these and similar and worse things believe them to be truth (and I must suppose they do), then it only shows how much harm unimaginative persons do by speaking truth than brilliant imaginative beings, whom nobody credits, do by telling lies.

There is a settlement not far from our neighbourhood—I have alluded to it before—where a bleak irruption of grey tin cottages defaces a hill-top the bitter north wind once swept clean enough; here chickens shiver and currant bushes lean slant-wise, and under-bred dogs wowff lugubriously in protection of property that is the all-in-all of some poor city clerk or shop assistant, who erstwhile coughed behind a counter. The most unlikely people harbour in these "freeholds." "Your pleasure, madam," is to them a forgotten phrase, no doubt; they have put off that form of servitude; but—their pleasure, madam, where are we to seek it? I dare not ride across that hill. Once, it was a pine forest; then, when the trees were cleared, a mat of

wild strawberries covered the ground; then someone conceived the idea of making a plan of it with "frontages" and imaginary roads and all the usual lying devices of the "promoting" draughtsman.

Back to the land, indeed! A bitter heritage.

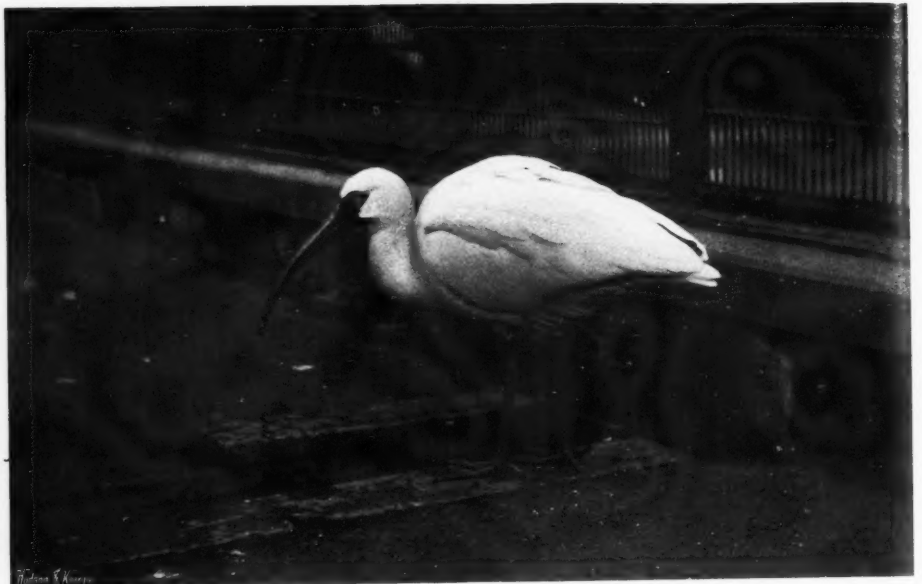
But surely English autumn has got into my blood and brain! A season, too, that I have always contended is not sad—cannot be sad. Crossing the great plain of Europe a few days since, I was reflecting upon the true relation of the Seasons and Man; there, on that wide landscape, you can see it to perfection. Summer in the fields of Europe is a toiling from dawning until dusk, while first the dust clogs the sweat, and then the sweat washes the dust upon the peasant's face, and the sun parches and fries him all the time it is abroad in the sky. Spring is a hazard; she will and she won't; thaws you out when you are roughed up for frost, freezes you when you are short of mulching. It is as it may be, you may hit or you may miss, your judgment be that of the fool or the wise man—you never win upon the whim of spring. No good fairy she—a tricksy-pixie. Winter's implacable; winter measures man, and man learns of winter just how far he falls short of the elements in power. If the solar system had only known what man would have to put up with owing to that arrangement of the solstice, we may believe the thing would have been different. Perhaps in some other suns or planets their season of rest-time may be

just a stilly hush—no fretting of frost that kills down birds, that kill down vermin, that kill down grubs, that kill down plant life—the clumsy blunder of a circle it is when you put it together! A simpler, kindlier system must control life somewhere. The summer's lush profusion thwarted by a winter's savage stricture! No, I must cling to it, there is—in the beautiful world of Elsewhere—a time of pulseless pause, a lovely armistice over all living things. "If you won't grow, I won't breed; and if you won't put forth leaves, neither will I lay eggs." A slack time, a close time—a winter neither fanged nor clawed.

But while that solstice follows this and things are as we know them—why, I like autumn best. It is only poets walking in woods who say "Sad!" when a crisp leaf drops upon their curls. Nature may be sad—Man must revel. It is Man's moment; he is face to face with what he has made; potent; beneath his foot is the bared earth, in his hand the increase he has compelled from her. It is not in spring, summer, or winter that the peasant dances—it is in autumn. It is in autumn he gets the crick out of his back, and stands erect to look over the wide fields. There where the pale reek rises from the little dung-heaps on the stubble, there where the blue smoke draws along the ground from the rubbish fires on the fallow, and quaint Belgian cows marbled in black and white crop soothly after the fourth cutting of alfalfa—there in those fields, Man has won his battle, he has come into his own.

BIRDS' EYE-PROTECTORS.

AS soon as men began to travel habitually in the open at something like the speed of birds when flying, they found that their eyes had no natural protection against the air pressure, and the dust which the wind raised blew back into their faces. Not having had time as yet to get an extra natural eye-protector by the process of evolution, they took to goggles instead, thereby saving their eyes at the expense of their appearance. Otherwise the natural protectors of the human eye, which are in the first place the eyelashes, next the eyelids, and lastly the glands holding water for washing the surface of the eye, would all have been insufficient to protect it against the air pressure caused by a speed of from twenty miles to thirty miles per hour. This is especially the case with the "eye-washing" glands, which, being irritated, secreted and poured out so much water as to drench the whole surface with its sight-obstructing flow. Clearly birds, which travel through air at speeds ranging up to certainly forty miles an hour in a calm, could never keep their keenness of sight if their eyes were fitted with exactly the same protectors as ours. Yet it is known that they have very keen



J. S. Bond.

IBIS WIDE AWAKE.

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quick sight. They have also no hands or soft paws to rub their eyes with, as we do, and as a cat does, which often wipes its eye with the velvet back of its fore paw.

Two things are especially necessary to the bird: it must have some local "installation" to clean the eye, and this must not be an automatically copious discharge of water, because the irritation made by wind pressure in flight would always be tapping this flow. Accordingly we find that, in the first place, though there is an apparatus for keeping the surface of the bird's eye moist, it is in a very restricted form. Birds' eyes do not "water" if anything touches them. Some, like the owl, have a true and supplementary eyelid. The upper lid in some species is heavy and drooping, and almost fringed with eyelashes. The owls and the various goat-suckers have their eyelids developed in a most marked way, giving them the appearance of reflective calm which heavy eyelids always lend. Wide, staring eyes, like fishes', with no lids, produce just the opposite effect of shallowness and brainless sight. In most birds there is, as in man, only one true eyelid, but its place is reversed. We lower our one true eyelid from the top; in other words, we "pull down the



J. S. Bond.

IBIS FAST ASLEEP.

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blind." Birds bring their lower eyelid upwards over the eye till it touches the top; they may be said not to pull down the blind, but to "pull up the shutter." This is very well shown in the two pictures, of the sacred ibis awake, and of the same bird showing the lower eyelid closed up. The old idea that when a bird wants to go to sleep it always "puts its head under its wing, poor thing," because it can't shut its eye, is quite wrong. But probably the eyelid lets in so much light that it is as well to cover the head with the wing also. Birds have a third eyelid of a very curious kind, developed probably to meet the before-mentioned difficulty of cleaning the surface of the eye without using water—"dry cleaning," in fact, in place of wet cleaning. In the corner nearest to the beak is the neatest possible little elastic shutter, like a film of india-rubber. At any moment the bird can by using two tiny muscles pull this elastic shutter across the whole surface of the eye. By "letting go" the pulling muscles the elastic shutter flies back into its cover again and disappears. It works like a flash, and sweeps the whole surface of the eye instantaneously. This is the special apparatus made necessary in the case of the bird by the impossibility of using an automatic douching apparatus, like that in our eyes, when the bird is flying at speed through the counter-pressure of the air and wind. There was a curious notion that it was the presence of this shutter, called the nictitating membrane, which enabled the eagle to gaze at the sun without blinking. The only objections are that there is no particular reason why eagles should want to gaze at the sun, and that other birds possess the same apparatus.

The white ibis here shown is rather an interesting bird in its way, quite apart from its particular exhibition of its eyelid in the illustration. The Egyptians made it a sacred bird for several quite idealistic reasons, not because it killed snakes, which is very doubtful. It never nests in Egypt, and was supposed to be produced from air or by some other magic. Its white plumage helped to idealise this notion, and it became the Egyptian emblem of purity. As it always appeared just after the high Nile had flooded the fields, it also came to be regarded as the spirit of the fertilising river.



W. A. Rouch.

STEADY AS A ROCK.

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seventy or eighty lived long enough, at any rate, to go to school; and of that number, after taking the precautions I always do, I had not one solitary gun-shy dog. The only two specimens I ever owned were not bred by me. I take, I ought to explain, little interest, comparatively speaking, in dogs bred and broken by other people, and have not, and never had, any great ambition to own the handsomest or best broken retriever. I seldom or ever buy a dog. One of the specimens in question was given me by a friend, whose keeper was uncommonly glad to get quit of her, was cured by me, and presented to another keeper then in Northumberland, now, if alive, in Yorkshire, or if not alive, just as much in Yorkshire, I should say, for thither he migrated with all his belongings. The other took the fancy of my own keeper, Henry Michie, and to oblige him I bought it. The latter animal was broken, so I was assured, and Michie, on the faith of the warranty, accompanied by this valuable addition to my kennel, went out early on the morning of the Twelfth to show me some birds when I came down to breakfast. He showed me one, with the shooting of which his sport had come to an abrupt termination, for as soon as the gun went off the dog followed suit, and lucky it was that Michie managed to get a hold of him, or he might have been going yet. Lucky I say, for a better retriever I seldom or never possessed. I am shooting over him two or three days a week. Keen as keen can be, steady and reliable, and a very fast and dashing worker. He required great care at first, but judicious handling, making a man shoot a long way from him, inducing him to come forward, and getting him to associate the gun with the sport, and bringing to bag what he himself was to be allowed to carry, effected a cure in a month's time. This dog had been dreadfully frightened, how I know not. Still, the case of the other, a little bitch, was a more typical one. In "Retrievers," page 141, I give in detail how she was cured, but I stupidly omitted to tell how she had turned out gun-shy, and unless I am trespassing at too great length on your columns, I will now remedy the omission, and explain how she was made gun-shy, and whether or not the cure was lasting and effectual.

She was a daughter of one of my favourites, and handed over, when a few weeks old, to the tender mercies of an under-keeper on an estate in Sussex where a large number of pheasants were reared. Sufficient at least, as far as I recollect, to give three full days' shooting for nine or ten guns. The keeper's house, with kennel attached, in which the poor little heroine of this tale was kept, was in a ride at one of the best stands over which the birds were driven and brought to book, dozens of them falling all round the place, among the cabbages and potatoes, rebounding from the chimney-pots and the roof of the kennel itself—a pretty surprise indeed for a timid little thing two or three months old when this *feu d'enfer* was opened on a fine November morning. Few puppies could go through an ordeal of this sort without being thoroughly cowed, and as I have frequently one or two in a kennel similarly situated, I am always careful to have them removed when covert shooting is going on.

Some four years after I had parted from this little gun-shy one I went to Yorkshire, and there I found her, bright, happy, and contented, but fat. Why will people give their dogs too much to eat? It isn't kindness. And why will they give them too rich food? A surer way of introducing jaundice among them (a disease more fatal even than the dreaded distemper, with all its complications) could not be devised. But to our sheep. I found on cross-examining the keeper that Elvan was as good a retriever as one could wish, bar the fact that she ran in continually

GUN-SHYNESS.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B.

I HAVE much pleasure in giving my views on gun-shyness, albeit, I must confess, I have little to add to what I have already written in "Retrievers and How to Break Them." In the fourth edition, published last year, I discussed exhaustively on the well-worn subject; and I cannot do better than quote, for the information of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, what Mr. Shirley of Ettington, President of the Kennel Club, an authority on dogs and dog-breaking second to none, says in the preface he was kind enough to write for me: "Dogs differ, like men, enormously in temperament; even with youngsters of the same litter there are the bold and the timid; but I cordially agree with Sir Henry Smith that the gun-shy dog is made so by improper breaking, for it is not a hereditary fault, and can be entirely prevented by a little common-sense and good management." Late in the day though it be, and notwithstanding the volumes that have been written on the subject, I can only reassert that the gun-shy dog in its integrity never had an existence. I ought to premise that I am dealing solely with retrievers; but I have no doubt whatever that what is applicable to that breed is equally applicable to pointers, setters, and spaniels.

On Sunday last the Borthwick Water was in spate, and the drive to the parish church had to be abandoned. It thus came about that, as is my wont on other Sundays also, even when "she's no big," I took a secular fit, and my thoughts turned lightly to retrievers. I began to wonder how many had passed through my hands in the last fourteen or fifteen years, and, after consultation with the canine diary, found the number to be 108. Distemper played havoc now and again, and once or twice whole litters joined the majority. But, speaking roughly, some

without fail. "I can't work her without a slip," he said; "as soon as a gun's fired she nearly has me off my legs." The little gun-shy one had been cured with a vengeance, "not wisely but too well."

SHOOTING NOTES.

SINGLE TRIGGERS IN DOUBLE-BARRELLED GUNS, RIFLES, AND PISTOLS.

THESE are few gunmakers who have not attempted to become possessed of a single-trigger action of their own during the eight years that it has been practicable to work two or more barrels alternately by means of successive pulls of one trigger. It was Mr. John Robertson, of Boss and Co., the old gunmaking firm in St. James's Street, who first discovered the presence of a movement in recoil that obliged the shooter to give a second pull where he only intended to give a first pressure to the trigger and let off one barrel. The result of this second involuntarily given pull was to let off the second barrel without the intention of the shooter, and when Mr. Robertson discovered and patented a check for this involuntary movement of the finger on the trigger, or gun upon the finger, there was a rush in the gun trade to do the same thing and to do it better. All gunmakers were agreed in considering that the actuation of the trigger was due to the gun reacting from the shoulder after recoil from the first shot, and bringing the trigger into violent contact with the still contracted and still contracting trigger-finger; but a few weeks ago I was, from calculation of the probable time of recoil, based upon the weight of the man and gun, led to challenge this view. At first I could make no convert to the theory I put forward, which was based on mathematical deductions from facts which were agreed upon by both sides to the argument. Since then, however, I have attended a meeting at which the matter was thoroughly discussed, and I have had the satisfaction of carrying the first inventor of the single-trigger gun with me in this—that it is impossible that rebound of the gun from the shoulder does the work of letting off the action by what is commonly called the involuntary pull. The facts, which were common property to both sides, were these:

1. When early attempts were made to actuate successively both locks by means of one trigger, by the use of a movable part and a spring to bring about second-lock contact with the trigger, two things happened—(a) there was no involuntary discharge of the second barrel in a double-barrelled pistol, and (b) there was such a discharge in a double-shoulder gun.
2. When the involuntary pull discharged the second barrel it was so quick after the first that the report could only be distinguished by more noise, and not by a space of time between two reports.
3. That, similarly, no double recoil was felt, but merely a heavier blow upon the shoulder, when both barrels were discharged.
4. That an onlooker failed to detect any double flash from the muzzle.

It was supposed that our perceptions were all so slow that we did not actually detect what in reality took place, and this view was supported by the argument that if reaction of the gun from the shoulder after recoil had nothing to do with the matter, the gun's trigger would receive no more of an involuntary pull than that of the pistol. This view has held the field since the introduction, about 1894, of the first workable single-trigger shot-gun, which had inserted in its action parts to accomplish a movement that only permitted the second hammer to be let off after the first voluntary pull for the first barrel; also after the involuntary release of the trigger, caused by the gun being jerked backward in recoil faster than the finger, and after an involuntary pressure given in some manner. In the Robertson (Boss) gun these two latter movements both assist to accomplish a turn of a pivoted piece; this is enabled to revolve by the movements of the finger and trigger, but is actuated by a spring. Not until all have taken place can the trigger (when intentionally pulled) actuate the second lock. It is hardly necessary to say that something connected with the recoil does them all, except the pulls that fire the first and second barrels.

It is curious why the reaction of the shoulder should have been regarded as a quick movement. Because recoil is actuated by an explosion of gunpowder, which is quick, the spring back of the shoulder is not in the smallest degree quicker than it would be, however slow or fast the pressure backward might be. Moreover, it does not appear difficult to estimate the velocity of recoil and the time taken by the explosion to force gun and shoulder back to their full extent. Before this is fully accomplished, it is obvious that reaction from the shoulder cannot begin. An ordinary 7lb. shot-gun with a Service 12-bore charge recoils at the rate of 15ft. to 18ft. per second when free, and most of this pace is set up in the first half inch of its movement backwards—that is to say, by the time the elasticity of the muscles and the soft give of the clothes had been fully compressed the pace of the gun would be at its maximum, not perhaps so great a pace as when free, but very nearly. Then the gun would begin to move the upper portion of the man backwards, and it has been shown by photographs that the full movement backwards of an ordinary man's shoulder is about 6in. The weight of half the man (he moves on a pivot—his feet) would make the weight to be moved 70lb. at least, instead of 7lb. (the gun alone), so that we have it that the pace must necessarily be reduced to one-tenth the original pace of the gun. Assuming this to have been 15ft. per second, we have a rate of 1½ft. per second, and, as the whole movement is over only 6in., the time taken cannot be less than one-third of a second before the gun is brought to the furthest backward point and to rest. It has the muscular tension to overcome as well as the weight, otherwise it would not stop in 6in., and therefore it probably goes slower than indicated above, but as that is near, and slow, enough for the purpose in hand, it is not now worth considering the muscular tension. The writer believes that the gun having started back faster than the hand, and so given the involuntary release of the trigger, without which no later pull could actuate anything, the hand muscles become fully stretched while the trigger finger continues its contraction, and the hand then soon has the same velocity imparted to it as the gun has to impart. This shows that, however tightly the gun is grasped, there is a more or less independent movement of the hand (cut and bruised fingers have always proved it). Then the gun comes in close contact with the compressed muscles of the shoulder and instantly changes its pace, as explained above. But the stretching skin and muscles of the hand, having been responsible for more or less leaving the hand behind at the start of the backward travel of the gun, have just as far to react to bring the hand forward to the normal muscular set or position—that is, without strain on the muscles; and then, after this, the hand, having received its independent momentum, travels on a further equal

distance—that is, to the full stretch of the hand muscles in the opposite direction and gives the trigger a blow by reason of the gun being brought up by a jerk (by added weight to be moved) while the hand is still travelling at the old rate of the gun, and is only brought to the reduced speed of the gun after the muscles have been fully stretched in the opposite direction to that which occurred when the involuntary release of the trigger was given.

Many gunmakers have made single-trigger guns on "the timer" system—that is, a spring which takes the trigger connection from one lock to another is made to take a certain amount of "time" to do the work. Many of these, but not all, have gone wrong, and discharged both barrels apparently simultaneously, obviously because the thing to be timed was not known and not correctly timed. With some of these "timer" single-trigger guns it is only necessary to hold them an inch, or more, from the shoulder to get a double discharge from one conscious pull of the trigger. But when this is done there is an obvious, not only to the eye but to the ear, double report, and this clearly establishes the fact that when the two reports are not to be detected by the ear they must both happen in quicker time than it takes the gun to travel back to the shoulder (the inch, or two, before mentioned). The gun is then we know travelling 15ft. per second, or the two inches in one-ninetieth of a second, and yet we can hear the difference of the two reports, whereas the old theory would require us to believe that we could not hear the difference of reports, although the gun was not fired the second time until the man had been forced back six inches in one-third of a second, and the reaction had set in from the shoulder. After all it is only applying the known laws of motion where previously they had been ignored.

G.T.T.-B.

THE SALTHOUSE POACHING AFFRAY.

A DESPERATE case of night poaching came on finally for trial at Norwich Assizes. It has been pending for months, and has excited unusual interest in that county. It will give such serious matter for consideration to shooting owners that we regret not being able to report it fully. An old keeper, called Hancock, and his young son had lost a number of wild ducks, taken from pens, close to their pheasant coops. This was at Salthouse, east of Stiffkey in Norfolk. They sat up all night, the elder man with a gun in his hand to fire signals if anyone came near. After midnight they fell asleep, and the elder woke up and dimly saw some men looking at him over the wire netting. He jumped up and asked who they were, and was instantly hit by a volley of great stones, which smashed his nose, cut his eye, and injured him in several places. To wake up suddenly and be smashed with stones is upsetting to the nerves. By a beautiful instance of retributive justice his gun went off, and the charge hit severely two of the assailants, these dropping to the ground with their legs full of shot, while the keeper was also stunned. His son came running up, and, after helping the father, aided the poachers, one of whom was a notorious and violent character, who had only been out of prison a week. A number of large stones were picked up round about the coops. The judge took a very serious view of the case against the principal assailant, the more so as he had sworn to a long circumstantial account of how the wounded keeper had deliberately shot him after having his face smashed in. He said that had he not been so seriously shot he would have sent him to penal servitude for a considerable time. As it was, he gave him six months' hard labour.

"A TERROR TO THE COUNTY."

The judge added that there was no doubt that the man was a pest and a terror to the county. As there are many rural districts where this class of "undesirable" flourishes, and causes infinite mischief and annoyance until he usually ends by some serious crime of violence, the following list of convictions quoted in the Salthouse case is interesting. It was addressed to the prisoner, being read by the prosecuting counsel from police notes: "You began in June, 1884, with an assault on the police. In 1885 you were convicted of game trespass and fowl stealing; in 1890 of poaching, stealing geese, killing game without a licence, and game trespass; in 1894 night poaching; in 1895 poaching; in 1896 using threatening language and assault; in 1897 killing game, night poaching, aiding and abetting, killing game, and night poaching at Bayfield; in 1898 aiding and abetting and taking thirty pheasants' eggs; in 1899 stealing money from a till; in 1900 assaulting a police-constable and being in unlawful possession of rabbits; in 1901 having game eggs in your possession; and in March, 1902, night poaching." There is no doubt that fresh legislation is needed to deal with habitual offenders of this class. Had the offences against property and against the person been committed in attempts to take property from houses, long terms of penal servitude would have been inflicted. It is difficult to see where the difference between taking one kind of property and another lies; and in this case, as in many others like it, the man was an habitual offender.

[All enquiries under this heading to be addressed to the Shooting Editor.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON is always a delightful writer when he gets into his favourite eighteenth century, and a more perfect little biography could scarcely be imagined than the *Richardson* which he has contributed to the English Men of Letters Series (Macmillan). He gives us Richardson not as an isolated study, but as a central personage in a group of interesting figures, each of which is done in a life-like vignette. You stumble, for instance, across a character like Hecky Molso, "the admirable Mrs. Chapone," and her history is compressed into a few brief pages. As an introduction to Richardson or a guide to the famous novels it were scarcely possible to improve the book. If it has a fault it does not lie here, but in the criticism. Even that cannot be very strongly objected to. Mr. Austin Dobson is generally sound, but in prose as in verse his great quality has been that of doing little things to perfection, and in this case bolder, stronger drawing was required. Richardson and Fielding not only were personal rivals in their day, but they represent two divergent streams of imaginative work. It is

extremely interesting to follow the particulars about them set out with such familiar ease as is commanded by Mr. Austin Dobson, but a far greater interest attaches to the tracing of their literary lineage and what has descended from them. They represent in a way the English and the French taste. Fielding was in very truth "the father of the English novel," and his influence is apparent in the writings of all his greatest successors. Scott modelled "Waverley" upon the lines of "Tom Jones." Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, each in his or her own way followed the same master. Fielding's own inspiration was largely derived from "Don Quixote," and that offshoot from it, "Gil Blas." Indeed, Le Sage exercised a most unusual fascination over the first great English novelists. Every student of literature must recognise certain common features in all these writers, a free, joyous outlook on life, genial as spring air with Scott, touched with a fine cynicism in the cases of Le Sage, Fielding, and Thackeray. In "Don Quixote" there was the kindness that permeates Chaucer. On these foundations has the typical English novel been built up.

Richardson, on his side, hit off the French genius much more exactly than he did that of his own countrymen. "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," was analytical, sentimental, problem-offering, moralised, and Fielding's ringing, healthy parody of it—a parody that was also a masterpiece—set the Novel of Manners for ever in opposition to the Novel of Analysis. On its appearance "Pamela" was at once recognised by the French. Probably "Manon Lescaut" is the most splendid illustration that could be adduced of what we may call the French style, and its author, the Abbé Prevost, was Richardson's first translator. And as late as 1785 a French critic declared that "'Clarissa,' the greatest among English novels, has also become the first among our own."

To Alfred de Musset, "Clarissa" was "le premier Roman du Monde." To this day the typical French novel might be fairly described as "After Richardson." It may be objected, perhaps, that the elder Dumas, most popular of all French novelists, had no kinship with him; but Dumas had taken Scott as a model. He belonged to the British school in exactly the same sense as we say of a painter who may be English by nationality that he has followed the Parisian school of painting. His novels were an adaptation of Scott, though he attempted to imitate neither that writer's genial outlook on life nor the cynicism of Fielding. The substitute was a certain French gaiety, which, however, was not pronounced enough to take away the English character from his novels. Dumas was of the same tribe as Fielding and Scott, though another generation will probably account him but a feeble apprentice in a region where they are masters. Any attempt to give the terms French and English a strictly geographical application must, in this instance, be misleading. It is convenient for the purpose of contrasting the work of these novelists, and for showing that they belonged to different schools, to call one French and the other English. Rousseau was the most illustrious follower of Richardson in France, but he was followed by a crowd of lesser writers. In England itself the Woman novel has never been in very great favour. Fanny Burney evidently thought of trying something of the kind in "Evelina"; but, except that she adopted the epistolary form, there is little in her work to remind us of Richardson. Jane Austen, though an ardent and avowed admirer of the great bookseller, cast his methods to the wind, and her novels proclaim her of the tribe of Fielding, greatly as she departed from the tradition set by that author. Fielding, on the other hand, seems to have acquired strength by the lapse of time. Sterne proved the king of sentimentalists, and he has undoubtedly exercised an extraordinary influence on some of our later novelists; but the masterpieces of English fiction are all more or less cast in the style of "Tom Jones."

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new book arrives very much to the purpose, since it illustrates the force of the above remarks in a manner most striking. The pedigree of *The Little White Bird* (Hodder and Stoughton) is that it is by Barrie out of Stevenson, by Laurence Sterne. It is no longer disputable that "R. L. S." drew the best of his inspiration from "A Sentimental Journey." His instinctive dislike of Tom Jones and his pronounced French tastes were natural consequences. But he was too highly skilled as a penman to let the imitation stare out from the printed page. Mr. Barrie is more ingenuous or less expert. His book is a flaring and flagrant copy of the great original. Though he has changed the scene from France to the London of to-day, he has repeated the very tricks of language of his master. This can be proved only by quotation, and therefore we give the following as a bit of Barrie-esque Sterne. The author, quite in Tristram's way, is addressing the heroine:

"'You can do better than that. Come, May.'

"All in vain. She wants to be loved. Can't do without love from morning till night; never knew how little a woman needs till she lost that little. They are all like this.

"'Zounds, madam, if you are resolved to be a drooping little figure till you die, you might at least do it in another street.'

The "man in the street" will recognise the passage beginning "Zounds, madam," as a pure Shandyism or poor imitation of Sterne. We have marked over a dozen passages in which the resemblance is equally plain, but must be content with two. Take this Shandean colloquy:

"'No, I would not.'

"'He says tick-tack to the clock,' Irene said, trying to snare me.

"'Pooh!' said I.

"'Other little ones just say tick-tick,' she told me with a flush of pride.

"'I prefer tick-tick,' I said, when she departed in high dudgeon."

This is Tristram turned imbecile. Here is a different passage, which proclaims aloud that it was copied from the unforgettable conversation with the *fille de chambre*:

"'I should not have come,' she said, nervously, and then seemed to wait for some response; so I bowed.

"'I was terrified to come, indeed I was,' she assured me with obvious sincerity.

"'But I have come,' she finished, rather baldly.

"'It is an epitome, ma'am,' said I, seeing my chance, 'of your whole life.' And with that I put her into my elbow-chair."

One hopes that the British public has not so completely forgotten one of the greatest masters of fiction as to accept this easy imitation for the genuine article. One cannot help thinking that Mr. Barrie has set out on a rash adventure. No English writer possessed a more characteristic style than Laurence Sterne, no one could make his characters talk with a finer naturalness. Whatever he may have borrowed from Rabelais or others, his style is his own, and it is a weapon which only he could wield. The general effect here is lamentable. What is exquisite sentiment in Sterne becomes sentimental mawkishness in Mr. Barrie, what is purely whimsical in the one is infantile on the part of the other. Let this extract from the cricket match illustrate the former of these criticisms:

"Soon thereafter another incident happened which I shall always recall with pleasure. He had caught the ball too high on the bat, and I just missed the catch. 'Dash it all!' said I, irritably, and was about to resume bowling when I noticed that he was unhappy. He hesitated and took up his position at the wicket, and then came to me manfully. 'I am a cad!' he said in distress, 'for when the ball was in the air I prayed.'"

Whereupon our author eulogises "My splendid David," but the less partisan reader wishes for the little prig a spell of open-air treatment with playmates of his own age. Another instance of this mawkish, unnatural sentimentality will be found on page 5, beginning "Heaven help all mothers if they be not really dears, for their boys will certainly know it in that strange hour of the day when every mother stands revealed before her little son"—to which we can only give Mr. Burchell's reply, "Fudge!" This book has much cleverness and much graceful writing, but its atmosphere is that of a sick-bed. We may finish with a rather nice description of a woman's face as "Eyes that say you never must, nose that says why don't you, and a mouth that says I rather wish you would." But as a whole the story, or rather sketch, is not to be recommended either for its literary graces or intrinsic merit.

Mr. Barrie at the beginning dared to be himself, and his "Auld Licht Idylls" were full of promise; latterly he has been committing artistic suicide by imitating his own defects. X.

"THE SUCCESS OF MARK WINGATE," by U. L. Silberrad (Constable). There are no titles in this book, but much humanity of the most admirable kind; also a great deal of chemistry, which bears an appearance of accuracy. Mark, an ambitious and moneyless chemist, with the help of Judith Loring, orphaned daughter of a ruined inventor, invents Friscene, an epoch-making dye of the aniline kind. Judith falls in love with Mark, but will not marry him, although he proposes to her, because she does not believe him to be in love with her. Finally, Judith is killed in an heroic effort to prevent an explosion. The numerous members of the lower-lowest middle-class, who stand about the fringe of the story, are perfectly vulgar and perfectly rendered in their vulgarity.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. forward a supplementary volume to the *Encyclopædic Dictionary*, which was justly and strongly approved by all newspapers of weight on its first appearance. The supplementary volume is a revelation in the natural growth of our language, although its 768 closely printed pages of three columns each are not entirely filled with new words, or, indeed, with collocations of letters worthy of the name. For example, the fact that Mr. Lewis Wright, whose authority on poultry is not to be questioned, has written "Henny" does not create an adjective, and "Bishopship," for which no authority is given, is simply not a word. It is merely a wrong use of letters, easily to be understood, similar to a nursery superlative recently heard in the form of "respectable-lookingest." "Blinky," "blotty," "twaddily," and many more combinations of letters of the same type might also be mentioned. It is a pity to insert them in a dictionary, because anybody can see what they mean, and some foolish folk think that combinations of letters which appear in a dictionary must be words. Also, since no work of the kind can be perfect, it is but natural that numerous omissions should have been found. For example, "quack-salve" and "startler" are included for the first time, although it is quite frankly admitted that the former was used by Massinger and the latter by Scott in his "Lady of the Lake." Still, on the whole, the ordinary growth of the language is colossal, almost appalling. It is due primarily to the advance of the sciences, which have produced some terrible words, mostly of Greek or Latin derivation, so that the moderate scholar can disinter their meaning without much difficulty. Still, there is a certain weird fascination for one who thought

he knew something of English, Latin, and Greek, in running the eye over column after column of entirely new words. Here, for example, is a pretty little puzzle—"Blastulapore [Eng. *blastula* and Lat. *porus*, a pore] the orifice of a blastula." Of course, everybody knows the common or garden English blastula. As a matter of fact, the word is no more English than it is Russian, but simply Greek, being the diminutive of "Blastos," a germ; and "Blastula" is an embryo of one of the Metazoa in a certain stage. No human being can be expected to read the whole supplementary volume, but enough has been written perhaps to illustrate the deliberate statement that it is full of fresh and wonderful words, and that it is distinctly encyclopedic, in the sense of telling us what things are, as well as a dictionary. Meanwhile, Messrs. Cassell are bringing out in weekly parts, each of which is revised up to the moment of being passed for press, a new, revised, and enlarged edition of the *Encyclopedic Dictionary*, which will have no less than seventy-six coloured plates in all, to say nothing of numerous black and white illustrations of a plain and useful type. Each part contains at its end the appropriate pages of the supplementary volume. It is not to be denied that this will often involve double labour in reference, but, on the other hand, the expense of completely reprinting the dictionary, after rearrangement, would have been far too great to permit it to be sold at a popular price; and emphatically it is a book for the people, a veritable storehouse of information, which will be valued in every house. It must be observed, however, that page 5 of the prospectus, giving "specimens of words in the supplementary volume . . . which are not described in any other dictionary," is surely rash in statement. Amongst them are "free wheel," "Jumping Powder," "Lyddite," "mountain gun," "mountain sickness," and "Zionism." Unfortunately for the statement, "Lyddite," chosen for the test word, was found in the first dictionary tried.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, by E. S. Roscoe (Methuen), is probably a book that will have to be treated at greater length some day; for it is well written and it treats of a distinctly interesting man. Harley had the distinction of being abused by Macaulay, which in these days almost means that there are *a priori* grounds for believing him to have been not nearly so black as he was painted. More interesting now is it to note that he was one of the original members of the famous Scriblerus Club, the associate of Swift, Gay, Parnell, and Defoe. It is perhaps in connection with Defoe, the father of journalists, as well as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," that this book is of most remarkable interest. It sheds a clear light on the days of Queen Anne, but the most curious thing is to note the acute use which an astute statesman made of the first of special correspondents, and the intelligence which the predecessor of Russell, Sala, and all the rest of the army of special correspondents showed in appreciating the state of England. In an age when frivolous books are all too many, this book, which is serious but yet easy to read, possesses uncommon fascination.

The Other Boy, by Evelyn Sharp (Macmillan), is a book out of the common good, lying midway between the novel proper and the child's book. The man or woman who cannot read it with interest must be indeed cold of heart, and, so far as a grown-up person—one of the "Olympians," to use an expression which has almost become classical—can judge, it ought to attract children also. It is a simple enough story of children, offspring of a genuine artist, and their governess, their maiden aunt, and so forth. But it is full alike of the humour and pathos which Miss Sharp can manifest as well as any of her

rivals among the numerous clever young women of the day who write stories. She has never written a better story than this.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The Fortunes of Oliver Horn, by F. Hopkinson Smith (Newnes). Those who know are well aware that the life of the inventor, at home and abroad, is always full of tragedy. This is an American story, with the Civil War for background, of an inventor to whom the news of success came on his death-bed. The secret of its success, which ought to be undoubted, is sheer atmosphere; and that, which in this case is very delicate and clear, has seldom been reproduced better.

A Lady's Honour, "A Chronicle of Events in the Time of Marlborough," by Bass Blake (Unwin). This is historical romance, and distinctly good of its kind. The hero and narrator's father had served under Marlborough at Limerick, but was murdered before he had time to advance his son in the great Captain's favour. However, the hero was lucky enough to encounter Marlborough in a thieves' kitchen, into which the great Captain had been kidnapped by highwaymen, the hero being present merely as an enquiring stranger. The Low Countries and a beautiful maiden come into the book, and the style is better than usual.

The Tiger and the Insect, by John Harberton (Heinemann). The author of this book is also the author of "Helen's Babies," over which we have all wept, or felt uncomfortable about the throat, in our time. The Tiger is a baby too, but there are times at which her baby talk is trying. "Takkayite" is really rather cryptic for "crack of light." "If she puts more happy into me I'll be so full dat I'll hwell up and bust all to pieces." That is the kind of thing but it is done distinctly well.

Mother Earth, by Frances Harrod (Heinemann). Mrs. Harrod is the Miss Frances Forbes Robertson whom the world once knew. The story is an idyll, with a Welsh environment.

Baily's Magazine is always welcome. The most interesting thing in the current number is a remarkably outspoken article on yachting in 1902. Seldom has there been anything more blunt, or more true, than the concluding words of the following extract:

"The fact that His Majesty the King has ordered a new first-class cutter for next season gives hope, though but slender, for a revival of that section of yacht racing, if not blighted and overshadowed by that artificial, costly, and contention-breeding contest, the struggle for America's Cup, which, even if won, may not be allowed to leave New York, so ambiguously is the deed of gift worded. Nevertheless, there are two new schooners being built, which may well revive the prospect of continuous racing in that class, as there will then be half-a-dozen modern schooners available for the purpose in British waters, to say nothing of the older boats and the Continental division."

Villa Gardens, by W. S. Rogers (Grant Richards). A modest and thoroughly practical book which tells the owner of a villa garden all that he wants to know, and tells it plainly. The book is the more useful in that the villa garden is seldom catered for.

The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith (Macmillan). A very pretty little edition of the classic story, to which graceful and vivacious illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson add not a little charm and reality.

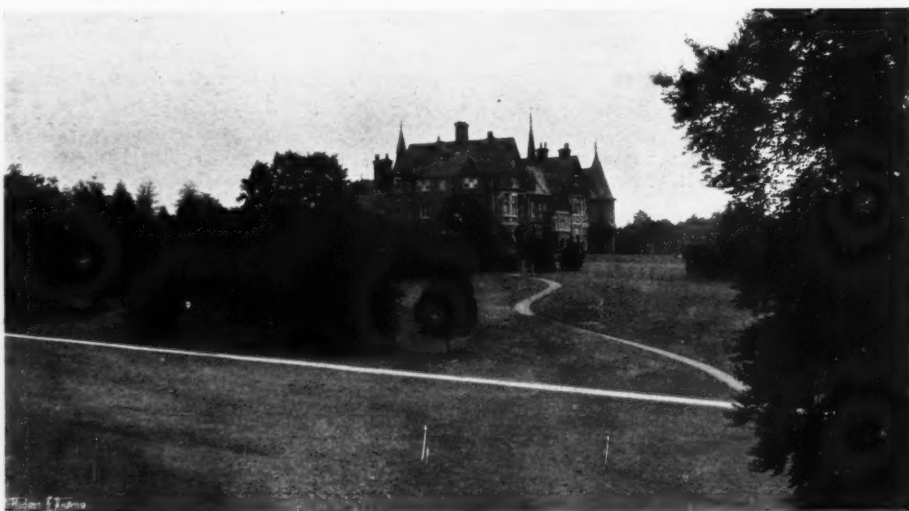
JERSEYS AT BUCKHOLD.—I.

A VISIT to Dr. Watney's estate at Buckhold, near Pangbourne, is a most instructive lesson in the breeding and management of Jerseys. Quite recently the British Dairy Farmers awarded their gold medal to the owner, and never was such a distinction more thoroughly deserved. Dr. Watney has brought to the pursuit the scientific methods and knowledge of his profession. Here nothing is done by haphazard, but every new step is carefully thought out and prepared for beforehand. Success has not been due to any exceptional quality of the soil, which stands about 300ft. above the level of the sea, and in all probability was originally downland. It is well drained, and a good deal has been laid down to pasture within the last twenty years. It is, however, a curious fact, and one that has been often proved in the dairy, that the land which has become pasture by its own act, "tumbled down to pasture," gives more milk than the neighbouring fields which were sown with the best grasses. In the pastures there is not much coarse grass, and it has been repeatedly found that the hay made from these Berkshire fields is better liked by the cows than any which can be purchased.

During the winter the herd of wild ponies is generally turned into the meadows to eat up any rough grass that has been left by the cows, and this fact illustrates the rule that on these farms the interests of all the other animals are subordinated to those of the Jersey cattle. For purposes of shelter belts of trees have been planted, so that from whatever direction the storms come the cows are able to obtain this natural protection. They are

not pampered or kept in rugs. In winter-time, when confined to the byres, they are once a day let out on the meadows to eat their cabbage, which, with hay, is considered to be the best winter diet for retaining colour and quality in the butter. They thus, at the same time, obtain a healthy amount of exercise. In every field there is an abundance of water and rock salt, Dr. Watney holding

that illness often proceeds from their being stinted of salt. Indeed, anyone who has travelled in the prairies and has been for a time without salt or water will be well aware of the sufferings endured through the loss of either of these necessities. He is, however, averse to mixing salt with the cows' diet, as animals have their different idiosyncrasies. Two points are kept well in view, and they are of as much importance to



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BUCKHOLD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

human beings as to cows, being the importance of sanitation and the danger of overcrowding. The ideal aimed at is the production of "strong, healthy, prolific butter cows." Now, to take the attributes of health and strength, we know that the individual life cannot attain them when overcrowded. If you place forest trees too thickly you need never expect good timber; if you crowd human beings into a Whitechapel den you need not expect them to develop into fine men and women. It is the same with cows—they must have plenty of room, *i.e.*, plenty of cubic space in their byres. The curious octagon cowshed, with its inner and outer row of stalls, has been much admired, as it enables many of the cows to be seen at a glance, and being lofty gives a large air space per cow; but its great height and large windows above the animals made it at one time difficult to ventilate, as there was a great deal of down draught. This difficulty has now been overcome by increasing the thickness of the walls and roof, and by making inlets and outlets for ventilation, so that the air inside the shed is now both warm and fresh. That the cows should breathe pure air is equally essential, and this they cannot do unless pains are taken to remove the causes of bad odour. This has been ensured by having all the sheds and even the yards paved with blue



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DAIRY WITH DETACHED SCULLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tramway, so that each day every shed and yard may be cleaned, and the used-up bedding at once conveyed some third of a mile away. This tramway is not only a factor in keeping the farm

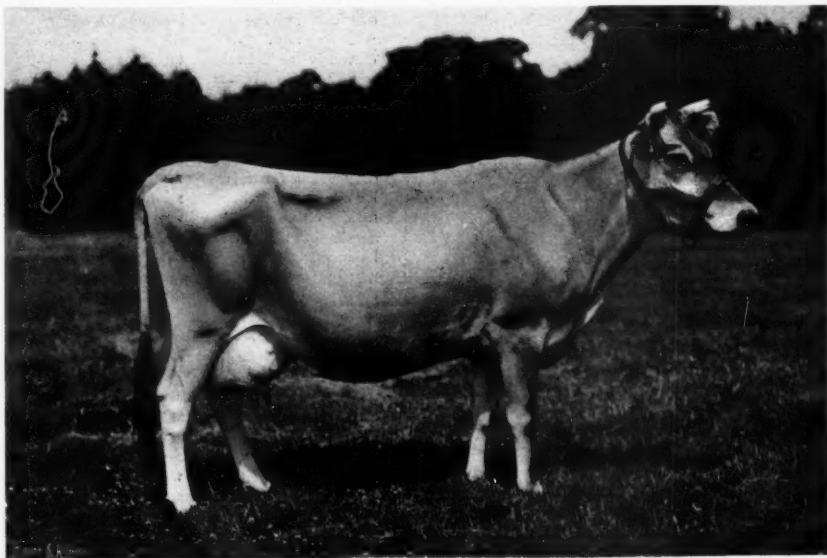


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COMING HOME TO BE MILKED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bricks, as being the hardest and cleanest material that can be obtained, by having all the buildings carefully drained, and by running into the byres and yards the steel rails of a small



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SHARAB.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

healthy, but is considered to be very economical, as one horse can move a load in the little train of trucks which would require at least two horses to take away if carts were used. Quite as important as plenty of good air is plenty of good food; indeed, the owner holds that unless the cows are well fed it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between bad and good animals. He would define a good cow as one that if kindly and suitably treated will repay for good feeding, and thinks it impossible to attempt to improve a herd unless they are so well fed that, notwithstanding all they do for the owner in the way of milk and butter, they are evidently in good order and quite "well to do." Cows that do not respond when given plenty of food had better be sold to the butcher. Some would perhaps amend Dr. Watney's ideal by inserting the word beautiful, but in his opinion that would be too much to look for. If good looks come with the other qualities, so much the better, but appearance is not essential. And, at any rate, he has other reasons for abstaining from entering cows in classes judged by inspection. For one thing, they are at such places compelled to retain their milk far too long, sometimes for sixteen or seventeen hours at a stretch, and this is injurious to their health, and frequently results in permanent injury to their milking qualities. We are very heartily in agreement with him, and not once but

often have dwelt on the absurdity of judging a dairy cow by an arbitrary scale of points, so that a winner on inspection would in many cases be nowhere in a practical test. The soundness of the methods pursued at Buckhold is proved by the large number of butter test prizes which have been won in the last ten years. On four occasions all three butter test prizes, the gold, silver, and bronze medals, were awarded to this herd at one time. Further, this year a cow, Sharab, made the remarkable record of 3lb. 9½oz. of butter in one day at the Tring Show. Every effort is made to secure the most definite information concerning the ancestors of any animal about to be purchased. However, the difficulties of rearing good cattle are well illustrated by the descendants of a cow called Sherry; she had two daughters, one of which was a great butter cow; the other was also good, winning a gold and a silver medal, though she was not equal to her sister in the butter tests; yet the distinguished sister has no descendants of any great merit, while the other was the grandmother of the cow Sharab referred to above.

We must defer the completion of our account till our next number, but a word or two may be said about the illustrations. The notable characteristic of the house is the distance from it at which the trees are planted. Dr. Watney is a great lover of trees, but he very properly holds that they are not in the right place when crowded round a dwelling.

"Coming Home to be Milked" explains itself, and is a picture of Dr. Watney's herd of Jerseys in one of the home fields returning to the cowsheds. The prettiness of the photograph will be generally apparent.

The famous cow Sharab is nearly six years old. She is a daughter of Sherbet II., daughter of Sherbet, daughter of Sherry. She has won three gold and two bronze medals. Her annual record is 615lb. of butter.

"The Cowhouse with Detached Scullery" is an extremely interesting illustration of the vast care bestowed at Buckhold on cleanliness and ventilation. It will be observed that there is a clear space between the scullery and the dairy, so that the fumes of washing-up cannot possibly touch the butter.



FOUR-HORNED SHEEP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much amused in reading in COUNTRY LIFE of the trouble and difficulty experienced by Mr. Peel to obtain a photograph of a four-horned ram. These animals are by no means rare; there is a large flock here, which came from the Outer Hebrides in the first instance, and should Mr. Peel wish to get a photograph, I shall be delighted to give him every facility to do so. Some of the rams have very fine heads. These sheep are often wrongly described as St. Kildas. The proper St. Kilda is red in colour, and, in a way, like the mouflon—they have but two horns.—G. W. DUFF ASSHETON SMITH, Bangor.

IRISH TINKERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph representing a phase of country life which may be new to some of the readers of your interesting journal, in case



the picture is deemed worthy of reproduction and insertion. The scene is in one of the wildest and most picturesque districts of Connemara, and the subject is a "tinker," or gipsy, on the trek, with all his household goods on the back of the patient "P.ckford."—SNAP-SHOT.

HAWK AND PARTRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Readers of your "Correspondence" column may be interested in hearing that yesterday (November 7th) a partridge flew through our drawing-room window, shattering the glass, and leaving a hole very much in the shape of itself, it had come with such force. No one was in the room, but, hearing the crash and going to see the cause, we found the partridge and the broken window. Could pursuit by a hawk have caused the bird to fly so recklessly?—H. R. SIMS.

[It was probably chased by a hawk.—ED.]

FIGS IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Included in the display of home-grown fruit at a recent harvest thanksgiving in Northumberland were figs, grown in the open garden within a mile of the sea. At the end of June twenty-six fruits had formed; in mid-October there were six. Five of the first crop were then of the size of small pears, and fairly ripe, in spite of the late sunless summer and cold showery weather. The sixth was of the second crop, about the size of a nut, and not likely to ripen. The second crop ripened the year previous, which was a record one for the tree, nine of the first crop having ripened and three of the second. This, however, is only, so far as is known, the second year in which the fruit have really ripened. In Palestine the fig bears three crops; but that two crops should have ripened out of doors so far North and in such close vicinity to the sea is remarkable.—M. H.

THE STUPID BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was exceedingly interested in your leading article on this subject. You have, I think, explained very fully how unjust and unwise are the bye-laws in force in many rural districts. But perhaps you appear hardly to realise how general is the complaint, and what a deadlock is being caused by the difficulties of finding new cottages. I live in a district in which a very large number of inhabited cottages are damp, overcrowded, and ruinous. The buildings, old and new, are generally isolated; much of the district is wild and thinly inhabited. Yet bye-laws suitable for a town have been adopted and are enforced. Not long ago I bought some of the most ruinous cottages. One of the worst of these, of mud and thatch, with those low, ground-floor rooms, I altered by taking off the thatch, adding a timber-built upper storey, and covering the roof with tiles. The family living in it had now at last a chance of comfort. The District Council, however, which had never interfered before, even though the tenant had stored milk for butter-making in his children's bedroom, now called upon me to pull down the house, as offending their bye-laws. I have pointed out that, according to insurance statistics, the chance of fire is once in 800 years. Yet under the bye-laws as they stand at present I may perhaps be compelled to destroy the house, and I am forbidden even to build a lean-to wood shed in connection with a brick cottage. These bye-laws are old ones, and the Local Government recommends a more reasonable code. Yet the next rural district is endeavouring to bring in bye-laws which would be hardly less hostile to the use of wood. I mention these cases, Sir, as particularly ridiculous. But there are many monstrous cases where these committees of ignorant small tradesmen have used the power mistakenly placed in their hands to check the supply of buildings which is indispensable to the growing population. An association to defend country places against District councils is urgently needed. If some of your readers will form such an association I will gladly assist it by any means in my power.—C.

WHAT IS UNWOMANLINESS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A recent writer in your paper on "Harvesting" refers to "hay tossing and such unwomanly occupations." If it is not out of place or too controversial, may one enquire the special need of the epithet "unwomanly," or of the genesis of the curiously unnatural condition of the writer's mind? Could any observer of either sex adduce reasons for the statement that would satisfy an ordinary intelligence? I have had experience of women who were field workers, and I deny that there is anything in any occupation on a farm that necessarily has the least harmful effect—necessarily, because evil from outward conditions arises from the action of the mind alone in any normally balanced person. Of course it is evident that this writer looks at women from the standpoint of weaker vessels, morally and physically incapable of being rather superior to their circumstances. He has surely sufficient experience of human nature to be aware that "womanly" virtues are as likely to survive under the coarse habit of the field-worker as beneath silk, and that the heart retains its native depth and purity in rough speech as in those voices low with fashion, not with feeling. A woman will grow as much a woman—perhaps more of a woman—from tending our English fields beneath the skies as in the supposititious refinement of boarding-schools and "at homes." And is there any virtue which a man



G. E. Lodge.

DRIVEN PARTRIDGES.

From a Drawing by

may have a woman is debarred from possessing? Then why insist on the eternal difference, degrading to both, of "manly" and "womanly"? A coarse man will make a coarse woman. In that case, has the male worker any innate moral superiority, or why should he escape the contagion evidently incurred in such healthy labour? Whether the woman works in the fields or not, she must be his companion, she will lower to his level day by day. If the association in the fields is harmful to her it is equally harmful to him; or else it is allowed that she, kept from his side there, must in the seclusion of



the home feel the ill effects. Is she any less unwomanly there when she submits to a coarsened mate? But she is never stigmatised unwomanly who provides for the comfort or the wickedness of men, however injurious the effects on the remainder of her kind. I wish to protest against the injustice of those who, in this question of our field-workers, try to enforce unnatural sex distinctions which lie in the false attitude towards women rampant in their own minds. If women are to have souls, surely they have character sufficient to toss hay, dig potatoes, or fodder cattle in quiet country-sides, as to preserve the refinements of sex in the streets of London or any of our great cities. Surely specialised sex attributes may have less weight attached to them with the gaining of a nobler spirit, and the conventional "womanliness," which is really on a par with "ladylikeness," must give way to the broader virtues of humanity. —FIELD-LOVER.

[Our correspondent's ardour is very generous, but *trop de zèle, madame*, tossing hay is the hardest labour, and woman is the weaker vessel; *ergo*, it is an unwomanly task, and the talk of degradation is beside the mark. —ED.]

GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR.—As an addition to your "Village Types," I send you a photograph of village "gentlemen of leisure." After years of toil they now, by the aid of the parish, have become politicians, and are always to be found on fine days as seen in the picture. —M. R.

SUMMER SEA-FISHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—In common with many other amateur sea-anglers, I was very much interested in the above article by "A. B." in one of your recent issues. Having had many years' experience of sea-fishing in West Cornwall, I think that "A. B.'s" friends are to be congratulated on their sport with the pollack; I should say that it far exceeds anything recorded previously. Three or four hundred may have been taken in one day, but it is remarkable that successive days' bags should run into hundreds. I gather from the article that the deeper the water the more numerous the fish; this is contrary to local experience, as if we fish in shallow water (four to seven fathoms) we get a large number of fish running from 1lb. to 2lb. If, on the contrary, we want larger fish, then we go out two or three miles, and fish in from twelve to twenty fathoms of water, where the fish are much heavier but not so plentiful. We should consider forty pollack of from 4lb. to 10lb. a very good bag indeed. The most interesting fact, however, recorded by your contributor was the capture by hook and line of seven pilchards (two on one day and five on another). As this achievement is quite unprecedented, and a most valuable scientific fact, I trust that "A. B." will let us know the date and place of capture of these fish, and also the tackle and bait used. Although very occasionally a pilchard may be foul-hooked, it has always hitherto been understood that they never took a bait. I do not think that there is any previous authentic record, so that it is very fortunate that "A. B." is in a position to verify the fact. —J. JEWELL HILL, Penzance.

A SOUTH AFRICAN BAG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send the enclosed photograph taken by Corporal S. B. Witherow, S.A.C. in case you may care to publish it, as representing what a cook can do when meat runs short on the veldt. The rifle used had seen twelve months' active service, which even the best experienced campaigner will allow speaks well for the durability of the Lee-Enfield. One goose and two of the korans were shot flying. —J. B. P. Orange River Colony.

AN EXPLODED LEGEND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was a great shock to me on opening the past numbers of COUNTRY LIFE (I have been away from home) to find William Darrell, of Littlecote Hall, referred to as a "murderer." Mr. Hubert Hall of the Rolls Office (where are kept the only authentic documents which touch on the legend of "Wild Darrell") has amply shown in his fine volume, "Society in the Elizabethan Age," that Mr. Darrell was free from the blame which legend has attached to his name. It is true that tradition says that when he had to yield his family estate to his lawyer (Sir John Popham of learned memory) he cursed. Other Englishmen have been known to do as much with lesser occasion. That the curse of a Darrell should have certain palpable results is a dispensation of Heaven which should make the members of that family—and I think does—cautious as to its misuse. Mr. Darrell was a country gentleman of old family. He was a patriot, honoured by the Queen; a scholar, and a man of parts. He kept a Dutch gardener; stocked his river with fine trout; had good English cattle on his broad pasture-land, and good wine on his table. Had he lived in our day he would probably have been among your subscribers. He was a Churchman, not without faults; but, in spite of them, he was accorded burial in the chancel of Ramsbury Parish Church, where his tomb may be seen to this day. *Requiescat in pace*. My first impulse on reading the epithet "murderer" applied to an ancestor, with whose tastes I have much in common, was to call down an anathema on the Office of COUNTRY LIFE and await results. As, however, I desire to temper justice and mercy, and give the same publicity to this defence as was given to the original libel, I send you this letter for insertion. The matter of the curse will stand over till the appearance of your next issue. —DAYRELL TRELAWNEY, 5, Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

[We very heartily welcome Mr. William Darrell into the goodly company of those to whom these later times have rendered a tardy meed of justice. He now shares the good fortune of such distinguished personages as Oliver Cromwell and Warren Hastings, to whom belated honour has come. When, however, we repeated the legends which sullied the fame of the Berkshire squire, we carefully guarded ourselves from giving them as palpably true. We hazarded a hope—



well justified, it would seem—that things were not so bad as they seemed. Evidently we must read the pages of gossiping old Aubrey with something of the judicial scepticism which attends our perusal of Herodotus. Mr. Darrell appears to have been unlucky in having pinned on to him some of the soul-chilling spirit of the Wild Huntsman, and to have been used for the scaring of unruly children, like Bonaparte and the Cossacks in the mouths of old beldames. "*Requiescat in pace*," as Mr. Dayrell Trelawney says, but we wish he had lived to read our pages. —ED.]